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# Atlantic Insight

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**In N.B.: The sculptor who'll immortalize Terry Fox**

**The jug of wine that launched an east coast business boom**



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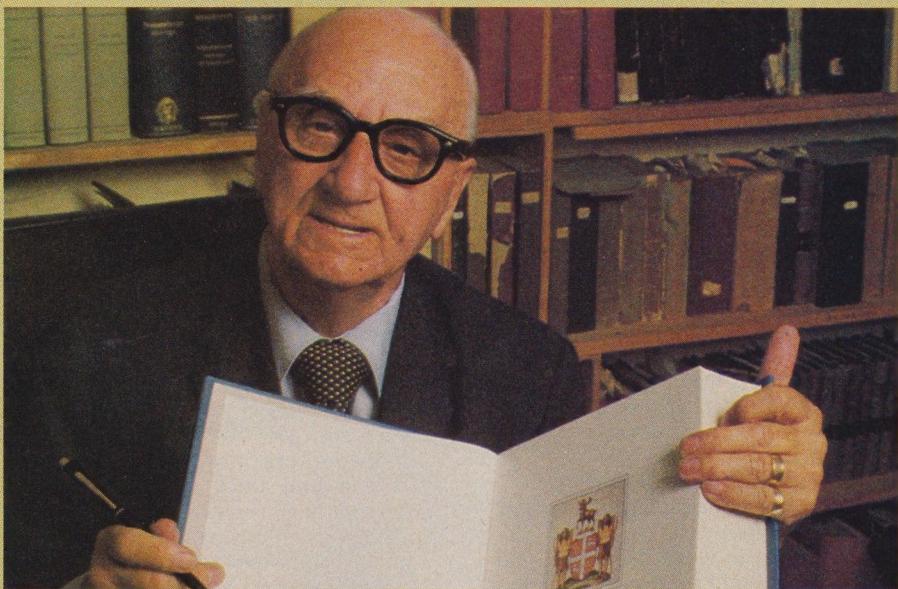
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# Atlantic Insight

September 1982, Vol. 4 No. 9

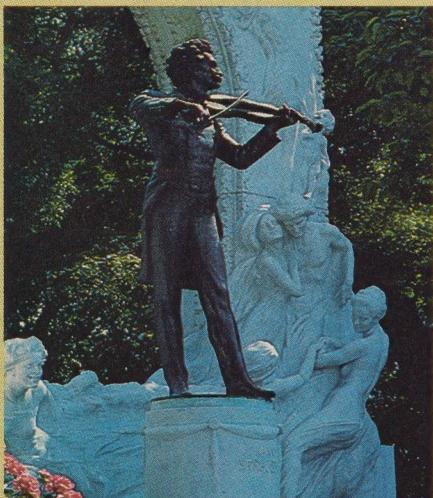


**20**

**Cover Story:** He has hobnobbed with heads of state from around the world, done deals—some of them controversial—with international financiers. He is the only living Father of Confederation, a legend in his own time. All pretty heady for Joseph R. Smallwood, that "little fellow from Gambo." Today, the former premier of Newfoundland hawks his version of the province's history door

to door in the outports and villages he once campaigned through as a politician. "He's been around so long," says writer Stephen Kimber, "he is an embarrassment to many Newfoundlanders" who would "of course, probably revere him if he were dead." But, very much alive at 82, Joey refuses to fade quietly into obscurity

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY KENT BARRETT



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**Travel:** Johann Strauss slept here. So did Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn and other illustrious names from the history of classical music. The city, of course, is Vienna, which gave birth to the waltz, *wiener schnitzel*, sumptuous pastries and a lifestyle so civilized that tourism, in the Austrian capital, has a season that stretches year-round



**66**

**Food:** A funny thing happened to Alan Thomas as he headed across the country on his motorcycle. He ended up as chef in the classy kitchen of Charlottetown's Dundee Arms Inn. Thomas is an intuitive cook who's not keen on recipes but thinks nothing of working 16 hours a day. He also has an appealing bit of advice to offer his staff and other would-be gourmet cooks: When in doubt, add booze

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# Editor's Letter

I once wrote a headline for an article which appeared in this magazine in which I used the descriptive term "Newfie," and immediately got properly chided for my insensitivity. The complaint came from a sensitive, intelligent and thoroughly competent journalist living in St. John's who happened to come from the United States. I happen to come from the Atlantic provinces. My grandfather came from Newfoundland and my great-grandmother from Labrador, all of which isn't to say, certainly, that no American-born journalist has the right to pin my ears back. What it does mean is that even for those of us who fancy our roots to be rather firmly planted in the region, it's the wise mainlander, these days, who knows which side of her mouth her foot may end up in when she utters a word about Newfoundland.

Well, about "Newfie." My journalist colleague from the easternmost province took the trouble to point out to me gently that the word carries a load of emotional freight for oppressed and sensitive Newfoundlanders which I, as a mainlander, had failed to understand. That's as it may be. On the other hand, it's a word I've heard tossed around practically since my cradle, by my Newfie grandfather, among others. In Cape Breton, where I was born, there was a common joke (?) which held that a Newfoundland was a Cape Bretoner with the brains knocked out, except if you were a Newfoundland, when it was the other way around.

Newfoundlanders may be as touchy about these things as my colleague claimed. Or maybe not. (A program which ran on cable television in Halifax, produced by Newfoundlanders for expatriate Newfoundlanders in the area, was called *Newfie 30*.) Maybe it's just part of the newly revised language rules which accompany the New Newfoundland Spirit. If so, I'm afraid I take it as seriously as I do the linguistic revisionism that accompanies other great movements, one example being the feminist consciousness-raising exercise which would thrust on us forepersons, policepersons, swineherdpersons, person Fridays and other misspelled offspring.

I don't know what the shock troops of the New Newfoundland will make of our cover story in this issue (page 20) but I suspect it may bother them because Joey Smallwood, *Salesman*, Joseph R. Smallwood, to be exact, former premier, only living Father of Confederation, octogenarian legend in his own time, is definitely not new. In fact, as writer Stephen Kimber points out, "Today...the names of both Joey and the megaprojects that were supposed to serve as his permanent shrines—the Churchill Falls power development and John Shaheen's Come By Chance oil refinery, for

example—have simply become the shorthand Newfoundland politicians use to describe the kind of 'develop or perish' approach to economic development they pledge to avoid in the future. 'We will not give away our resources again,' they announce grandly, 'as Smallwood did when he signed the Churchill Falls agreement.' Or: 'We've had enough of Smallwood-era promoters like John Shaheen and their refineries that go bankrupt at our expense.'

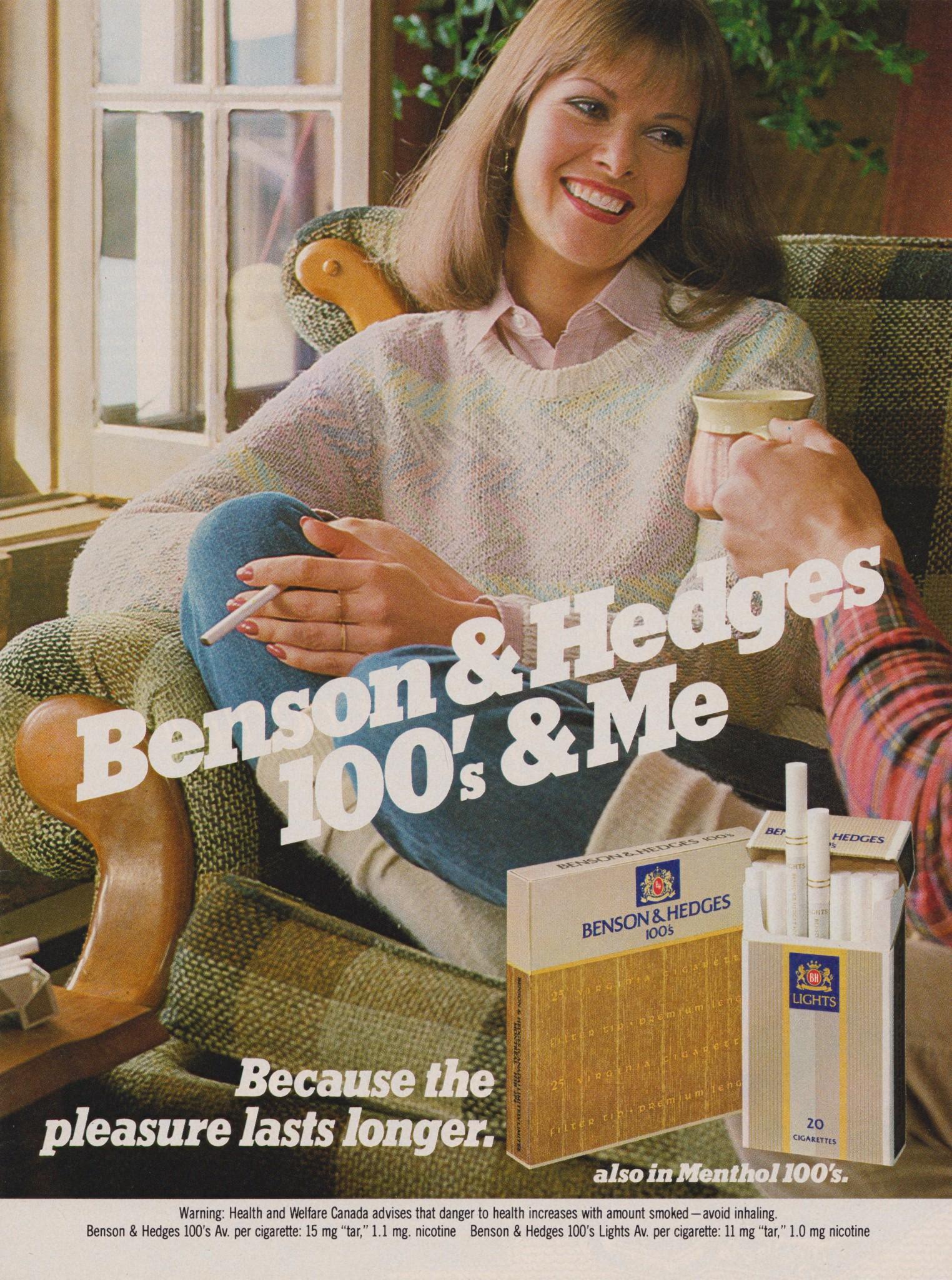
As even a mere mainlander knows, of course, promoters are not restricted to any particular era and Newfoundland is by no means the only one of the four Atlantic provinces to have felt the shattering impact of dreams that went bust. We've all been there before. What's more, Newfoundlanders shouldn't underestimate themselves by assuming that the news that times are changing in their province hasn't really penetrated the consciousness of those of us who don't happen to have been born on the island.

We may be thick-headed but we've read Ray Guy. And it's wonderful news that those who've read him—and even maybe those who haven't—are about to get the chance to experience that wit and wisdom, which is like no other in the world, in *The Ray Guy Show*, a review produced by some of those Newfoundland people who've given the country a taste of the best innovative theatre it's seen in the last decade. (See Folks, page 26.)

It was Ray Guy who, in one of the earliest columns he wrote for this magazine, put the finger on what really divides us as Atlantic Canadians. Not words like Newfie or even Newfie jokes, objectionable though they may be, but the tactics of leaders who understand that pitting one against another, St. John's against Halifax; for example, is a short road to the conquest of both. Guy sounded a note in that column that I liked very much. "The glory of Newfoundland," he wrote, "is that the crew of this great ship was never, in 400 years, brutal or sadistic or bullying. These were the attributes of our common enemy, the Captain." Right. That's a bit of history worth remembering.

*Marilyn MacDonald*





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arket Square, Saint John's massive harbourside development is no longer a dream for the future.

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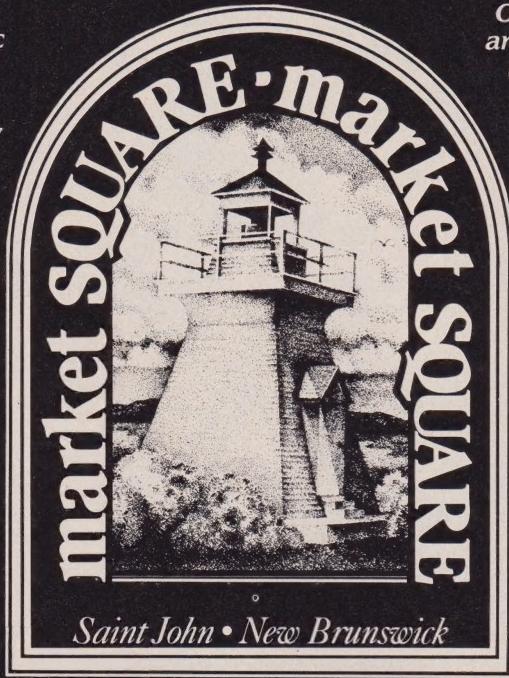
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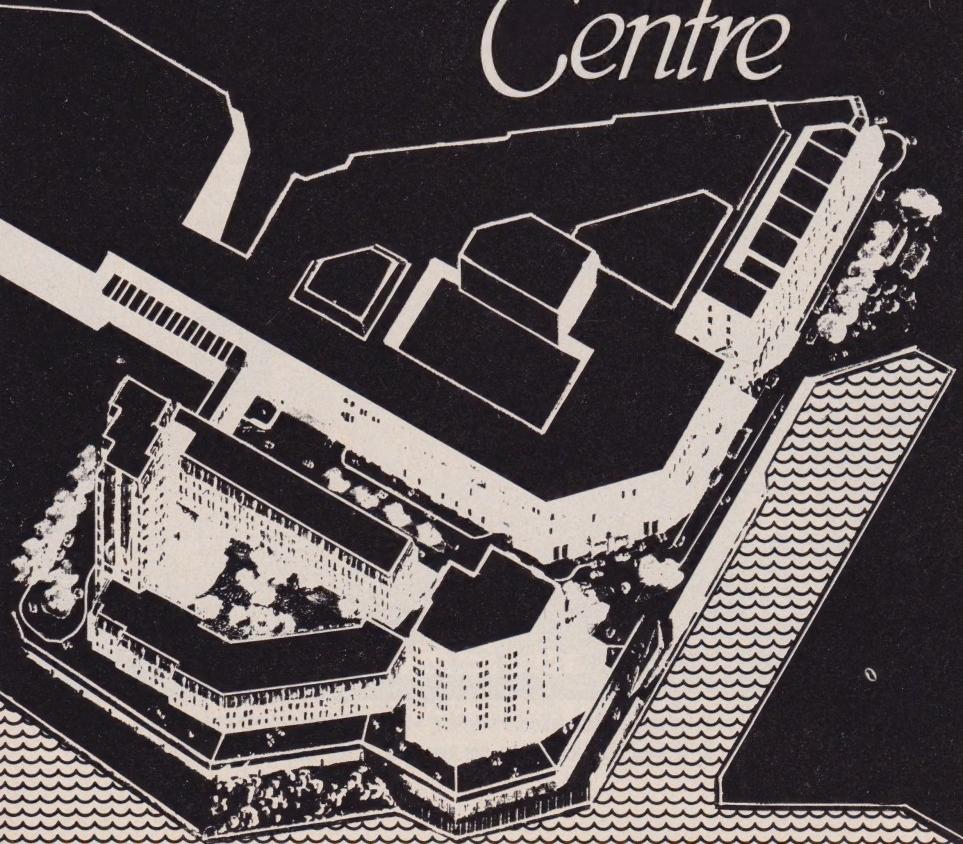
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# FEEDBACK

## Lights out

I read in your article on books (*A Beach Bag of Books for Summer*, June) that you still didn't know what A for Apple has to do with the War Measures Act. It was a code for all lighthouse keepers to douse their lights when this code was announced over the radio. It meant there was an enemy submarine in the area they described. B for Butter was the All Clear Code.

*Alda M. Rector  
Oromocto, N.B.*

### **Setting the facts straight**

I found your article on Gilbert Smith interesting (*This Land Is Whose Land?* New Brunswick, June). However, some of your information is incorrect. The Crown brought the action in 1973 and the trial was heard in two parts, in 1976 and 1977 at Newcastle, N.B. I know these facts as I represented Mr. Smith at the trial.

*John D. Harper  
Fredericton, N.B.*

## The joy of Halifax

I just received and read the July issue dealing with Halifax. It was a joy to read about all the places and things I took for granted during my residence in that fair city. I lived in Halifax up until this spring for over a year and a half. Prior to that, my whole life had been spent in Stoney Creek (known for its importance in the War of 1812) which by now is an extension of Toronto and Hamilton. I never thought I would call any other city "home," or long for it the way I do now for Halifax. A clean, beautiful city, filled with good people and interesting things to see and do. A place which has more going for it than its inhabitants realize. Circumstances made it necessary for me to move, but here's one Upper Canadian who loves your city and wishes he were there.

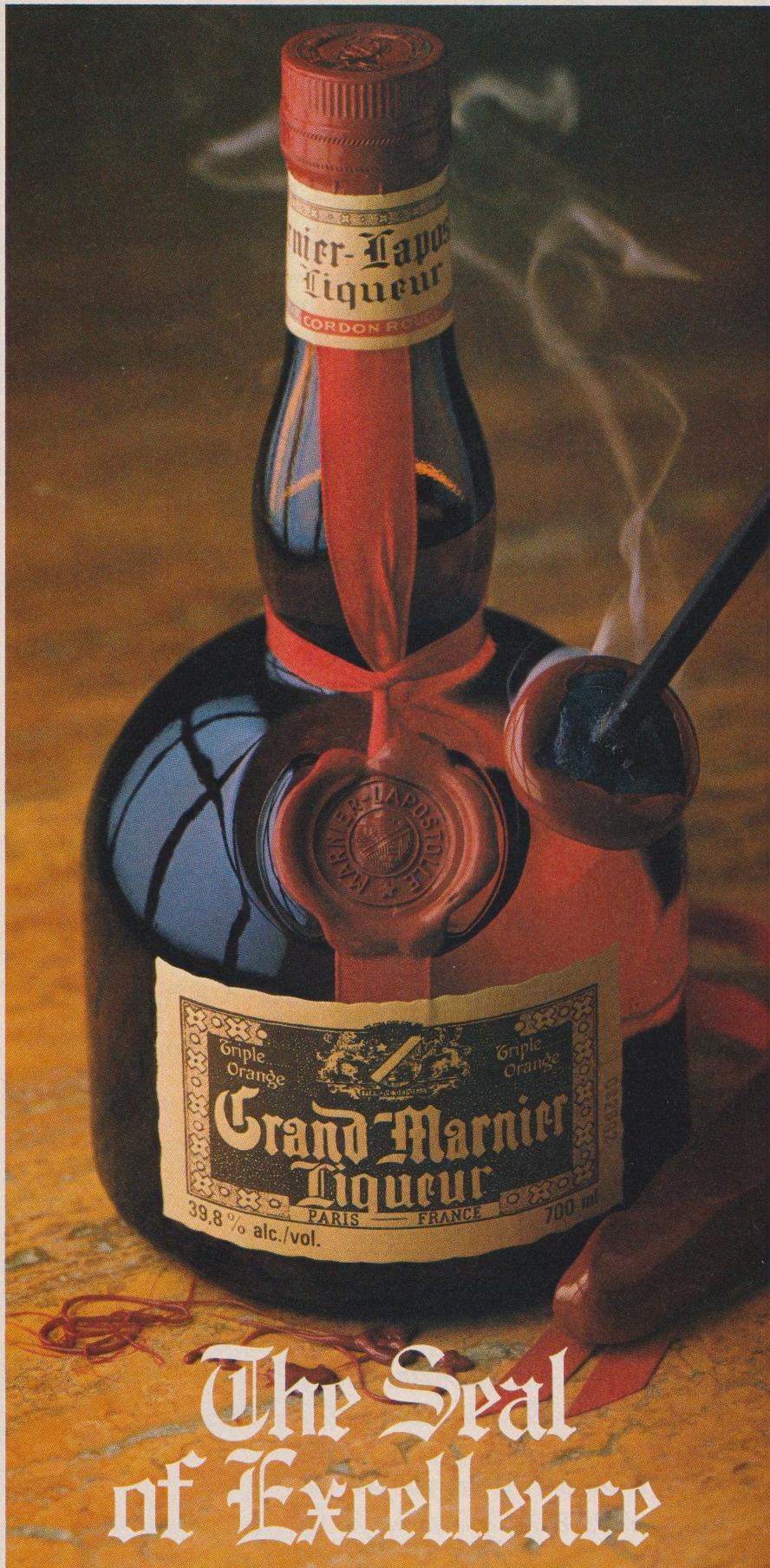
*M. Adrian Brassington  
Stoney Creek, Ont.*

Halifax is obviously one of the most spirited sensual seducers of Upper Canadians. A Stratford native now living in this truly great community, my soul soars, adrenaline surges and psyche anticipates the coming goodness, continually. Right on, Harry Bruce! Halifax *is* a city to dance in.

*Alan Riches*  
Halifax, N.S.

## **Uncovering the waterfront**

Roma Senn wrote a glowing account in the July issue entitled *On the Waterfront* (Cover Story). She must have been on crutches because she barely covered the 200-300 metres from Historic Properties to the Maritime Museum. I am somewhat hesitant to bring the remainder of the waterfront to her attention since I am one of the actors. It does seem remiss



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## FEEDBACK

of *Atlantic Insight* to have never mentioned the year-old battle for the "Southern Subarea" of the waterfront beyond the Maritime Museum. Here developers are proposing to essentially ignore the Municipal Development Plan's requirement for residential and build mainly office space. It has got to the extent that there is only one privately owned pier left in Halifax, and the rest may become simply a place to walk or shop without any true waterfront activity; quite likely no ships, only tour boats. This is worth *Insight's* attention—at least if you do pay attention to the future and the ongoing debates rather than just describing what is presently in place.

Alan Ruffman  
Halifax, N.S.

### Bluenose II safe and sound

I must register objection to the tone of an article carried in the April edition (*Bluenose II Heads for Rough Weather*, Nova Scotia), implying that Nova Scotia's famous sailing ambassador, *Bluenose II*, suffers from neglect and is unsafe. Nothing could be farther from the truth. *Bluenose II* has been undergoing a five-year rebuilding and improvement program which has already covered the bow, interior, stern and deck, and future work will be applied to the midship section. As regards safety, *Bluenose II* carries a current Class 1 certificate from the Ships Safety Branch of the Canadian Coast Guard vouching for the safety of the vessel for the use intended.

Bruce Cochran,  
Minister of Tourism  
Halifax, N.S.

### In praise of Annie

I'm 14 years old and I disagree with the article in your magazine about the movie *Annie* (*Leapin' Lizards! Here Come the Annie Dolls*, Movies, July). It was an excellent movie and Aileen Quinn is a very good actress. The movie kept me laughing and crying and everyone watching the movie when I was there enjoyed it just as much as I did. There aren't that many movies for little kids. I know there's *Bambi* and little children shows, but what about family movies, movies for students, where have they all gone? If "the show isn't really worse than the Broadway musical" and "the Broadway musical won seven Tonies and many other awards" then why is Martin Knelman putting it down? And "that ghastly little song 'Tomorrow'" meant a lot to me. It told me no matter how hard today was, there was always tomorrow, and things couldn't get worse. Every time I'm down I hum that song, and it makes me feel like I can do anything. So, Martin Knelman, to you I say, "You have a lot to learn. If you can't enjoy a simple and wonderful movie, tough luck. Whether you put it down or not, I love it, no matter what you say."

Shelley MacPhee  
Renforth, N.B.

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## THE REGION

# How much does your MLA really make?

*Probably more than you realize. MLAs in Nova Scotia, for example, pick up an extra \$3,000 to \$18,650 in committee fees alone*

By Parker Barss Donham

When members of the Nova Scotia legislature used the dying minutes of the spring session to vote themselves a 44% pay increase over the next three years, there was little public protest. After all, the MLAs' salary of \$16,400 plus \$8,200 in expense allowance was the second lowest of any legislature in Canada (after P.E.I.'s). Moreover, in a gesture of voluntary restraint, the lawmakers agreed to forgo an immediate 7.3% increase that had been recommended by an independent commission established to review their salaries and allowances. Most voters appeared to accept the view that legislators must be adequately paid if talented candidates are to be drawn to public life.

If Nova Scotians had a more complete picture of the actual pay their MLAs receive, they might be less magnanimous. News accounts of the salary increases glossed over a few key points.

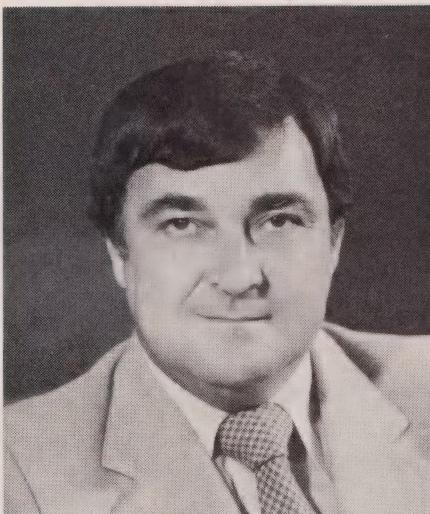
First, the much-ballyhooed refusal to accept an immediate increase recommended by the salary commission was a once-only affair that will cost MLAs only \$1,800 this year and leave their pay unaffected thereafter. Legislation was drafted to leapfrog past the relinquished increase for 1982, so that by next January (and during the subsequent three years) salaries will be exactly as the commission recommended. By 1985, an MLA's basic pay will come to \$35,400.

Secondly, few Nova Scotians realize that their MLAs' salaries are supplemented by an arcane schedule of fees for every committee of the legislature. Although amounts vary wildly from member to member, back-bench MLAs with no other governmental responsibilities pick up an average of nearly \$9,000 from committee fees alone.

Committee assignments are the object of intense competition, with fierce lobbying for the most lucrative posts. The grand prize winner in this secretive sweepstakes is Roland Thornhill, who just happens to be chairman of the Striking Committee, which selects members of standing committees. He picks up a whopping \$17,150 in committee fees, on top of his \$24,600 salary as an MLA and his \$25,000 as minister of Development—a total of \$66,750, \$8,200 of it

tax free. That's \$4,150 more than Premier John Buchanan makes. A few other cabinet ministers also do quite nicely, thank you. Management Board chairman Ron Russell picks up an extra \$10,200, while Finance Minister Joel Matheson sees \$9,700 added to his pay.

They are the exceptions, however. Since cabinet ministers already earn an extra \$25,000 (plus \$6,500 in living expenses if they're from outside the Halifax-Dartmouth area), committee assignments more often go to back-bench MLAs whose salaries are far smaller. Four cabinet ministers—Ken Streatch, Mike Laffin, Roger Bacon and



JARVIS OF HALIFAX

Thornhill: \$66,750—\$8,200 of it tax free

George Henley—earn only \$3,000 each in committee fees, the lowest among MLAs. By contrast, government back-bencher John Leefe makes \$13,450; his caucus colleague Malcolm MacKay gets \$10,750. On average, the Liberal caucus does even better. No Liberal MLA makes less than \$7,000 in committee fees, and Vince MacLean makes a hefty \$13,900; Hugh Tinkham, \$12,400.

Opposition members have a strong stake in committee fees, a fact that contributes to perpetuating both the

system itself and the aura of furtiveness that surrounds it. MLAs don't like to talk about committee fees, and when approached for interviews on the subject, several suddenly remembered urgent previous engagements. The fee schedules are not published. Compendia of Canadian legislative salaries rarely mention Nova Scotia's committee fees, and the recent salary commission made only fleeting reference to them. When Nova Scotia Federation of Labor president Chester Sanford complained that committee fees swell MLAs' salaries while adding "very little value to the legislative process," he touched a raw nerve with House Speaker Art Donahoe, who earns \$16,250 in committee fees. "It is a totally misinformed, ill-founded statement; completely and totally inaccurate," Donahoe blustered. "Our system is similar to that in all other legislatures and the Parliament of Canada."

Not really. Although four other provinces provide fees for the chairmen of some of their legislative committees, none pays fees to committee members. Nor does the federal Parliament.

Defenders of Nova Scotia's committee fee system point out that it compensates, albeit erratically, for the unusually low level of MLAs' basic pay in the province. Sometimes it overcompensates. When committee fees are taken into account, MLAs' salaries in Nova Scotia range from \$27,600, the lowest of any province except P.E.I., to \$41,750 the highest of any province except British Columbia and Quebec.

The only MLA to have publicly criticized the committee fee system is New Democratic Party leader Alexa McDonough, who earns an extra \$8,700 from the system herself. "Some committees exist for no other reason that I can determine than to supplement MLAs' salaries," she says. Some committees rarely meet, and when they do, attendance is spotty. The Standing Committee on Labor met once this year. In the 1981 session, a Select Committee on Housing cost taxpayers \$25,000. It met only three or four times, and never filed a report.

Tory back-bencher George Moody says the work load varies from committee

to committee. The Select Committee on Volunteer Fire Services, for which Moody receives \$3,250 as chairman, has scheduled 26 evening meetings this fall with fire departments around the province. "It wouldn't pay me minimum

### HOW THE TAKE-HOME PAY SHAPES UP

MLA Basic Salary	Expense Allowance	Committee Fees	Total	Indexed	Last Increase	Premier	Minister with Portfolio
N.S. \$16,400	\$8,200	\$3,000 to \$17,150	\$27,600 to \$41,750	no	1982	\$32,000	\$25,000
N.B. \$24,662	\$9,865	none	\$34,527	yes	1982	\$36,992	\$24,662
P.E.I. \$13,700	\$6,800	none	\$20,300	yes	1982	\$37,400	\$22,400
Nfld. \$22,136	\$11,068 to \$15,068	none	\$33,204 to \$37,204	yes	1982	\$40,000	\$29,000





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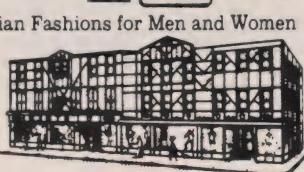


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## THE REGION

wage," he says. "I don't feel uncomfortable about it at all."

When the taxman cometh, an MLA's salary looks even more appealing, because part of it comes in the form of a tax-free expense allowance. A Nova Scotia MLA who earns \$9,000 in committee fees (about average for back benchers) would have a gross pay of \$33,600, \$8,200 of it tax free. For a married MLA with two children, that yields an after-tax income of \$28,789 (at 1981 tax rates). To earn the same after-tax income, an ordinary taxpayer with comparable deductions—but without the special tax status enjoyed by MLAs—would have to earn \$39,333 a year.

Some parliamentarians reject this kind of calculation, arguing that it misconstrues an MLA's expense allowance as income. No one, after all, pays tax on a company expense account, nor are expense allowances normally taken into account when calculating annual income. An MLA's job is such that it carries an unusually heavy expense burden.

Valid as this line of reasoning may be in other provinces, it doesn't bear close scrutiny when applied to Nova Scotia MLAs. In addition to the tax-free, \$8,200 allowance MLAs receive for general, unspecified expenses, they get additional allowances for most of the particular expenses they encounter on the job. They get a mailing allowance of \$2,500, a telephone allowance of \$1,500, a \$1,200 allowance for publications, constituency office expenses of \$2,400, up to \$100 a day in living expenses while the House is in session if they live outside the Halifax-Dartmouth area (\$8,600 during the last session), \$25 a day if they're from the Metro area, 26 free trips to and from their riding, plus weekly trips while the House is in session. Standing committee members are paid \$75 a day plus reimbursement of "reasonable" living expenses when committees meet while the House is not in session.

Among the Atlantic provinces, these support provisions are unusually generous. MLAs in the other three provinces receive some help with telephone or mail expenses, travel to and from their ridings, and substantially lower per diem expenses while the House is in session. They do not receive support for constituency offices or subscriptions. The Nova Scotia legislature's Internal Economy Board is currently overhauling the regulations covering members' expenses. The new rules are expected to result in lower per diem rates while the House is in session, but substantially higher expenses for constituency offices.

One obvious advantage of having a low salary supplemented by committee fees and bountiful expenses is that it makes the size of an MLA's pay package less obvious. As the recession deepens, legislators come under increasing pressure to set an example in wage

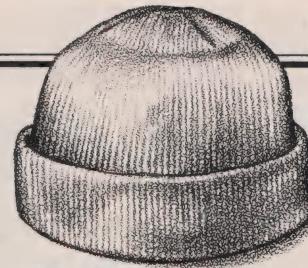
restraint. The N.S. legislature's decision to forgo an immediate pay increase this year was not the region's only dalliance with gestures of self-denial. Premier Richard Hatfield surprised opposition members of the N.B. legislature with the suggestion that members voluntarily accept a 10% pay cut. Government members glumly agreed, but Liberal leader Doug Young denounced the proposition as a charade, and countered with a challenge of his own.

Young pointed out that New Brunswick MLAs, who are paid in three or four instalments, had already received their entire pay for 1982. Their requests for a cut in pay could not take effect until 1983, after an election that's widely expected this fall. "People were being asked to sign this document having no idea in God's green world whether they would be here next spring," Young says. "We were pretending to bite the bullet, but it wasn't costing us one red cent." Instead, Young proposed that cabinet ministers, who are paid throughout the year, take an immediate 10% pay cut, and he immediately arranged a 10% cut in his cabinet-level pay as opposition leader. So far, no members of the Hatfield cabinet have followed suit.

Young acknowledges that such voluntary pay cuts are essentially public relations exercises, with no substantial impact on the provincial treasury. And he insists that the New Brunswick legislature's basic pay package of \$34,527 is "most fair. People point to various segments of society that aren't earning as much, but let them stand up and get elected to their jobs every four years."

How much should an MLA earn? "I would say between \$40,000 and \$45,000, and you'd have to be full-time," replies Moody, who quit a \$35,000 school principal's job after his first term in office. McDonough thinks that's too high. If committee fees were eliminated and MLAs were reimbursed for actual expenses within reasonable limits, McDonough says, "a reasonable case could be made for paying MLAs \$30,000. But I find it hard to accept that they should be paid \$41,000 when the public is told they're being paid \$25,000....It borders on being a perpetration of deception on the public."

Wide variations in work loads and diligence of MLAs make it impossible to draw up hard and fast rules. Liberal Michael McKee, who represents Moncton North, says he's satisfied with his pay, but adds, "If we are going to encourage very capable people to enter politics and improve the level of representation, those capable people are going to have to be paid more." Not everyone fits this description, however. "There are people who get by with very little work," McKee says, "and those people are overpaid. But it's easy to get by with very little work in any profession." ☐



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# Why St. Stephen's not minding the store

*The feds say politics had nothing to do with choosing Edmundston as the site of New Brunswick's new duty-free shop. Some St. Stephen residents aren't so sure*

Last winter, when the federal government approved the establishment of four new duty-free shops—one each in British Columbia, Manitoba, Quebec and New Brunswick—both St. Stephen and Edmundston were considered as the site of the New Brunswick shop. Which one did the feds choose? Here are some clues:

St. Stephen handled 56,652 vehicles carrying overnight American visitors last year and is the main port of entry for the U.S. eastern seaboard to the Maritimes. It also handled 52,149 vehicles carrying Canadians leaving for a minimum 48-hour stay in the U.S. and is the main port of exit for the Maritimes. Edmundston handled 7,840 overnight American vehicles and 3,523 overnight Canadian vehicles and is located far north of main U.S. highways.

St. Stephen had a shop meticulously prepared for immediate opening by its owner, N.R. Marshall, one of Canada's most experienced duty-free shop operators. It was about to be staffed by 20 employees chosen from 100 applicants, and was stocked with \$80,000 in liquor, and other goods. Edmundston had nothing, and no private citizen had publicly expressed an interest in undertaking such a venture.

St. Stephen is located in a federal riding that elected a Progressive Conservative to Parliament; Edmundston, in a riding that elected a Liberal.

Which one got it? Edmundston.

"We had it," says Sidney Holmes, manager of the proposed St. Stephen duty-free shop. "But then they [Liberal politicians] got involved and they wouldn't give it to a Tory riding. It had to go to a Liberal riding." Roy Clermont, president of the Chamber of Commerce in St. Stephen, says the town is very bitter about the decision. "Speaking for myself, I think 95% of everything this government does is done for political reasons. It's no different in this case."

Holmes, 68, a retired customs officer,

parole officer and juvenile court judge, and sometime Liberal politician himself—he ran in the 1978 provincial election—says he and owner Marshall spent three years readying a large building beside the border for business. They purchased 10,000 bottles of liquor, and he interviewed 100 job applicants. "We were told last year by government officials that we had it."

William Rompkey, the National Revenue minister, who represents the Newfoundland riding of Grand Falls-White Bay-Labrador, is the man responsible for the duty-free shop program in Canada. He denies that politics was a factor in the choice of Edmundston. "I don't hold it against a riding because it happened to choose a Liberal," he says.

Rompkey says Edmundston was



Holmes spent three years preparing the shop

picked because the program is still an experiment, and the department wanted a mix of sites for information-gathering purposes. While Edmundston doesn't compare with St. Stephen in terms of bona fide tourists, its total traffic figures exceed those of St. Stephen because there is more shunting back and forth of locals. Counting day traffic and trucks, as well as tourists, 395,100 American vehicles and 481,108 Canadian vehicles—a total of 876,208—used Edmundston in 1981. The comparative figures for St. Stephen were 329,222 Americans, 453,485 Canadians—782,207 in all. Rompkey also says St. Stephen won't have to wait long for its duty-free shop because he expects to give the green light

for coast-to-coast shops some time next year.

St. Stephen shop owner Marshall, 72, of Kemptville, Ont., takes his setback philosophically. "The liquor [stored in the shop building] is like money in the bank," he says. "It can only increase in value." Marshall formerly ran a chain of duty-free shops in the U.S. and operated the shops at the Halifax and Yarmouth, N.S., airports, which he turned over to his son John, and the shop on the MV *Bluenose*, which he relinquished. He spent years trying to persuade federal authorities to permit duty-free shops at Canadian road border points. When he thought he had won them over, he lived in St. Stephen for a year, directing preparations for the shop there. Marshall says he accepts Rompkey's assessment that St. Stephen won't have to wait too much longer. And if Marshall felt any disappointment in losing the first N.B. licence to Edmundston,

▲ this was more than offset by his winning the British Columbia licence.

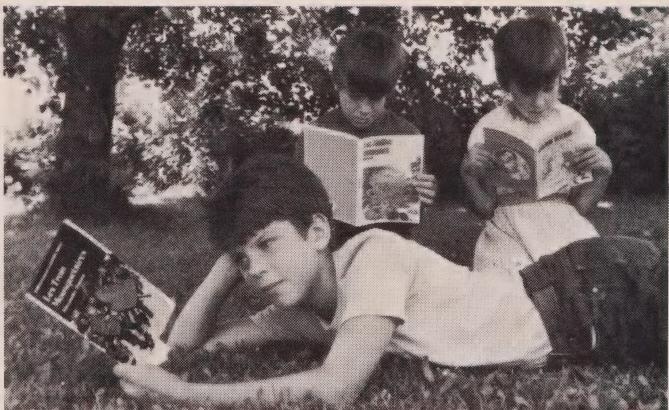
Marshall says duty-free shops provide a wonderful service to travellers. Just before leaving the country, they can buy items such as liquor, cigarettes, candy and handcrafts without paying any taxes. "A carton of cigarettes that sells for \$11 in British Columbia would cost \$5 at a duty-free shop there," Marshall says. Rompkey says Ottawa and the provinces are compensated in

their loss of tax revenue by the creation of jobs and by the stimulus in the sale of Canadian-made goods at duty-free shops. He says studies have shown that most purchases at these shops are made "on impulse" and probably wouldn't have been made if the shops weren't there. All border provinces support them, except Ontario, which has yet to permit them.

Rompkey says he can't predict when the four test shops will open. Edmundston remains an ever-greater question mark. As late as this summer, an advertisement appeared in the weekly *Le Madawaska* newspaper, wondering if anyone wanted to set up a duty-free shop.

— Jon Everett

# PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



Houston (right): Children Andrew, Mark and Karen learn in French



GORD JOHNSTON  
program "almost without exception" enrol the rest. One man, whose family drove a total of about 6,400 km last year getting their first child to an immersion class, says: "We're absolutely thrilled with what's happening. What they're doing in French immersion is fantastic. Our child is enthusiastic, and the work he's bringing home is challenging."

In theory, every Island family can send children to an early French immersion class. In practice, it doesn't always work out that way.

In the western half of the province, Unit 1 has three Grade 1 classes, and Unit 2 has two. Neither board has had difficulty finding room for students. "Things haven't been totally smooth," says Richard Noonan, assistant superintendent for Unit 2. "We've had problems, but they haven't been access problems." But children in units 3 and 4 in the eastern end of the Island may sometimes be left out in the cold. Unit 3 has the largest student population, 43% of the Island total, and has to meet the needs of a rural-urban mix of families. Unit 4 (Kings County and part of Queens) is the largest and most spread-out district and has many small schools. Unit 3 now has five Grade 1 immersion classes, in or close to Charlottetown; Unit 4 has one, in Montague. Parents may find there's no room in a class, or that the class is too far away.

On the surface, the solution might seem to be several classes dotted around the countryside. But starting a class in a small school can mean the start of a hot controversy in the community. In rural P.E.I., where some schools have been saved from consolidation only after long and acrimonious battles, some parents see French immersion as a new threat. Will their school disappear if immersion in a nearby community begins to draw on the already dwindling numbers of students? This spring, a bitter dispute over French immersion arose in the village of Morell, catching the Unit 4 board in the middle. Last year, Hunter River in Unit 3 polarized over the issue. In the end, neither community got French immersion classes.

Meanwhile, no one doubts that parents will be lining up again next February for registration in Unit 3. But, as Barry Maze observes, they could have worse problems. "We do a lot of griping," he says, "but really we're a lot better off than we think we are. When you look across the country, a lot of people are clamoring to get things Unit 3 has." At least some of those people will be coming to Charlottetown Oct. 21 to 24, when CPF holds its national conference there. Look for a large turnout.—Bill Howard

## Take a number, s'il vous plaît

*French immersion is so popular on the Island, you often have to get up pretty early in the morning to get your child into a class*

Last winter, in the early morning hours of Feb. 15, Muriel Houston left her home in Warren Grove, P.E.I., to drive to Charlottetown, 11 km away. It was just before 4:30 a.m. when she pulled her silver-grey Toyota in front of the silent school board office. A few minutes later, other cars appeared in the darkness; by 7:30 a.m. there were 100 people waiting, and there were still more when they left their cars to line up in the bitter cold.

It hadn't always been so difficult to register children for a French immersion class in Unit 3, the school district that encompasses much of Queens County, including Charlottetown. When the pilot project began in 1975 with 100 children in four classes, there had been room for all applicants. But the demand for French immersion grew faster than the classes, and the board started registering children on a first-come-first-served basis. (In immersion, anglophone children study all or most of the regular subjects in French, learning the language in the process.) Each year, the lineup began earlier. This year, parents registered 182 children for what eventually turned out to be 140 places in five classes.

Those school board office lineups are only the most visible signs of enthusiasm with which parents in Unit 3—and throughout the Island—are greeting French immersion programs. Close to 250 Island families are members of Canadian Parents for French (CPF), giving the Island the highest per-capita representation in the organization, which works at extending and improving French second-language instruction across Canada. Houston, past provincial director of CPF, says many Island parents are just as committed as she is to having their children learn French. "I don't consider myself a fanatic at all,"

she says. Because she was first in line last February, Houston was able to enrol her daughter, Karen, in French immersion at Eliot River School (her older brothers, Andrew and Mark, are already in the program). But Houston was prepared to go much further than getting up before dawn on a bleak winter's day, had it been necessary. "I would have moved to another unit," she says.

In the 1980-81 school year, the latest for which Statistics Canada figures are available, P.E.I. had 12.7% of its Grade 1 students in French immersion programs, more than at least eight other provinces (no statistics are available for Quebec or Alberta). And the Island is the only province in which every English school board—four in all—provides French immersion classes. This fall, about 15% of the Island's Grade 1 pupils, about 290 children, are in immersion.

The popularity of instruction in French may have something to do with the relatively large number of civil service jobs on the Island. Although few parents claim to have job prospects for their children uppermost in their minds, most mention that bilingualism is a plus on the job market. Other reasons vary. "Children's cognitive development is enhanced through learning a second language," Houston says. "There are studies to back that up." She also feels that learning another language has helped her children's self-esteem and will help them appreciate another culture. And parent Ann Sherman, who gained a working knowledge of French through hard, adult effort, observes: "We figured we'd give our children a start we hadn't had."

Parents seem uniformly happy with the results of French immersion. Barry Maze, past director of the Unit 3 CPF, says parents with one child in the

# Falling grades on the provincial report card

*Nova Scotia's new credit rating—the lowest in Canada—means higher loan costs for the province and harder times for its citizens*

To Nova Scotians accustomed to optimistic reports of a buoyant future, it was deflating news to hear that in the eyes of the international financial community, Nova Scotia had fallen to the very basement of credit worthiness in Canada.

In July, the New York rating agency Standard and Poor's slashed Nova Scotia's rating from A+ to A, relegating the province to the same league as Newfoundland.

Premier John Buchanan gamely said it could have been worse, but the A level is the lowest rating set by Standard and Poor's for Canadian provinces.

In the rest of the country, the ratings vary: An AAA for Canada as a whole, Ontario, British Columbia and Alberta; AA+ for Saskatchewan, AA for Manitoba, AA- for Quebec and A+ for New Brunswick. (Prince Edward Island is not rated because it has never floated a bond issue on the U.S. market.)

Standard and Poor's said it had reduced the rating because of a "sharp increase in the provincial budgetary deficit in fiscal 1982 and prospects for another large imbalance in the current fiscal year." It specifically pointed to escalating outlays for health and education, mushrooming subsidies for the Nova Scotia Power Corporation and the drain of Sydney Steel on provincial coffers. As of March, 1982, the direct debt for Nova Scotia stood at \$2.03 billion or \$2,370 per capita.

The new rating means the province will pay higher interest rates for its loans. Money experts say it will add from one-quarter to one-half a percentage point on interest rates charged on international markets. J.W. Ritchie of Scotia Bond estimates that for each \$1,000 borrowed it could add \$1.25 to \$2.50 to loan payments each year. "When a province is borrowing hundreds of millions of dollars," he says, "it is a significant additional cost."

It also reflects a decline in lender and investor confidence in the Nova Scotia economy. Phil Bates of Standard and Poor's says, "People shouldn't interpret it as meaning Nova Scotia isn't an attractive market. It still is, but less attractive than before."

So far, the new rating doesn't seem to have drastically hurt the province's borrowing ability. Since the announcement, the Power Corporation successfully floated a \$75-million issue in Canadian funds, and the province borrowed \$100 million on the Eurodollar market. A spokesman for the Nova Scotia Department of Finance says that at the same time and in the same market, Ontario Hydro got a 15% coupon for five years. New Brunswick got 15% for five years while Nova Scotia got 15% for seven years on its bond issue, arguably the best deal. The opposition has overreacted to this," the spokesman says. "The credit rating is only one factor deciding

the interest rate. There is also the track record and reputation, and Nova Scotia has never defaulted on a loan. It's also a matter of choosing a bond dealer and the trust built between the province and the dealer."

Stephen Blank, an investment counsellor with Multi-National Strategies in New York, says he doesn't think U.S. dealers will single out Nova Scotia as a bad risk, and he wouldn't necessarily change his advice to any international investor client looking at the province. "The investor looks at Canada as a whole and sees Nova Scotia as part of a larger problem," he says. "They are more concerned about the Canadian economy as a whole with its inflation, labor situation and political situation versus other industrial countries. Nova Scotia does not seem particularly problematic." The A rating, he notes, is in the middle of the investment grade. "It's not as if it were Zaire or Zambia, or some dangerous country. It's still a good place to do business."

The cabinet had desperately tried to ward off the credit rating dip by freezing massive capital projects such as Halifax's Camp Hill Hospital complex and by introducing a hard-times budget in April. It featured hefty tax increases, including a 25% jump in the sales tax, from 8% to 10%.

The opposition Liberals also revealed that, after the legislature approved the budget in June, the government sent a last-minute revised budget to Standard and Poor's to try to appease the credit agency. The July 19 issue of the Standard and Poor's *Credit Week* said the revised budget estimates "include cutbacks to specific social, education and transportation programs and general spending reductions in other departments." Nova Scotians are still waiting to find out the extent of these further cuts, which were still not enough to avert the rating decline.

Premier Buchanan has tried to deflect concern over the credit rating by blaming the feds for Nova Scotia's financial woes. He says Ottawa has cut back transfer payments by \$75 million, the amount the cabinet is trying to shave from expenditures this year.

Transfer payments have actually increased by 12% this year, although they are about \$25 million less than the province expected. Dr. John Graham, a Dalhousie University economist, says the Nova Scotia government overestimated revenue, which is about \$25 million less than expected from sales tax and \$29 million less from personal and corporate income tax.

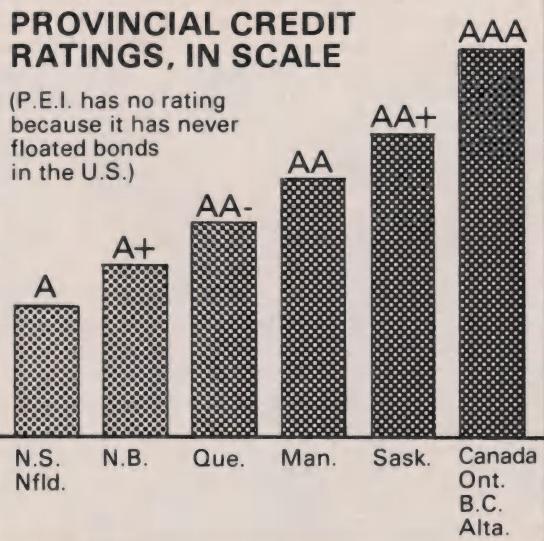
Nova Scotia was the first province to adopt Ottawa's fiscal restraint package of 6% and 5% increases for public servant wages and is talking of similar limits to prices under its jurisdiction. The government has announced civil service layoffs and cutbacks in legal aid, health and education. It's talking of introducing user fees for such services as health care and promises there are more budget cuts and layoffs to come. There'll also be a dramatic increase in electricity prices when the three-year freeze on power rates expires Jan. 1, 1983. Nova Scotia's debt guarantee to the Power Corporation had reached \$913 million by the end of March, 1982, and the province promised Standard and Poor's it will bring the corporation back to a self-supporting basis.

As for Sydney Steel, the slide in the credit rating could well be the final death knell for the financially troubled provincial Crown corporation. And this vote of non-confidence in Nova Scotia by the business community could also mark the end of voter enchantment with the Buchanan administration.

— Susan Murray

## PROVINCIAL CREDIT RATINGS, IN SCALE

(P.E.I. has no rating because it has never floated bonds in the U.S.)



## The land tug-of-war gets rough

*Newfoundland Micmacs claim they own a third of the province's land. No way, says Premier Brian Peckford, who refuses to even recognize these Micmacs as Indians*

**C**alvin White of Flat Bay says Newfoundland Indians simply want their fair share: One-third of the province. As president of the province's 1,400-member Federation of Indians, White's leading what's shaping into a nasty dispute with the provincial government—so nasty, residents of Conne River, a Micmac community of 800 on the south coast, recently called Premier Brian Peckford "an amoral politician with a racist mentality." Peckford claims the Micmacs have no valid land claim and says he'll fight any decision to recognize Micmacs as Indians.

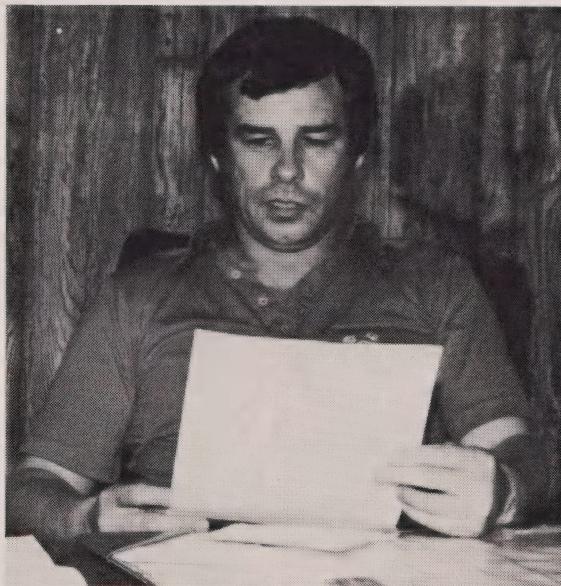
At the heart of the dispute is the status of the Micmacs, who don't meet the definition of Indians as outlined in the federal Indian Act. (Officials of the federal Indian Affairs Department call Newfoundland Indians "people of Micmac ancestry.") As a result of their non-Indian status, they don't receive the normal federal benefits Indians get, and there are no reserves in the province. Micmacs, however, live throughout Newfoundland, in communities near Stephenville, on the south coast, in the central and northeastern sections and in Labrador.

But without recognition as Indians they're not entitled to any special considerations, as Peckford clearly stated several months ago. "We have found that the Micmacs have no valid land claim," he says, "and therefore they should be treated the same as all other Newfoundlanders and Labradorians." Indians are puzzled and angered by his actions. Since April, the province has withheld federal funds earmarked for the Indian settlement of Conne River. Eight years ago, the province declared Conne River an Indian community and negotiated an agreement with the feds that reimburses the province for more than 90% of funds spent there. "If that money is cut," White says, "Conne River will become a total welfare community in three months." (In August, the people of Conne River were in the process of suing the federal government for the funds. No court date had been set.)

More than the funding is at stake. Obviously, the province is concerned about the Indians' land claim, which was still "under consideration" by the federal Office of Native Claims (ONC) in Hull, Que., this summer. On behalf of New-

foundland Micmacs, the Federation of Indians filed a land claim about two years ago claiming one-third of the province—mostly wilderness land on the south coast and in the interior. The area includes several hydroelectric developments. Realistically, the Micmacs don't expect to gain all that territory, but White says the province may be scared. "We believe the provincial government feels threatened because the federal government may rule in favor of our claim."

As a result, White says, the government has misinformed the public about



White: "The provincial government feels threatened"

Micmac aims. People who live in the claimed territory "think we're going to drive them off their land," White says. Understandably, there's also concern about future hydro projects. During the constitutional debates, Peckford said, "We don't want to deprive our native people but this is going to cost us millions of dollars and disrupt developments such as hydro power in Baie d'Espoir."

The Micmacs say they don't want to disrupt development. What they do want, White says, is land and federal funds to develop it so they can support themselves much as their ancestors did—making traditional crafts in a craft centre, arranging hunting and fishing trips for sportsmen.

They're counting on a generous settlement. "If the ONC totally rejects our claim," White says, "our only re-

course is to go before the Supreme Court of Canada."

To win a land claim the Indians must show that they're indigenous to Newfoundland. The province of Newfoundland recently produced a report that claims they're not. In his 153-page report, Dr. Albert Jones, a province-hired historian, argued that European settlement on the south coast predates the Micmacs. Archeological finds indicate that the area's original inhabitants were Beothuks, he wrote. (*The Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador* notes that the Beothuks—called "Red Indians" by the Europeans—"the original inhabitants of Newfoundland" probably became extinct in the 1820s.)

Jones says the Micmacs must prove they occupied the land before 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert proclaimed British sovereignty. White calls that date "ridiculous." The British, he says, didn't achieve full sovereignty until 1713, when the French signed the Treaty of Utrecht.

The Indians also object to Jones using a 1980 Northwest Territories land claim—which went to the Supreme Court of Canada—as a precedent-setting case when it's never been used before to settle a land claim. Dr. Stuart Brown, an anthropology professor at Memorial University in St. John's, calls Jones's work "flawed and opinionated." He says there's no present archeological data to show either a Beothuk or Micmac presence on the south coast.

White argues that Jones "ignored our latest evidence" and instead opted for outdated and rejected information when compiling his report. The Micmacs had shown in their original land claim, *Freedom*, that they occupied southern Newfoundland in 1824. The ONC rejected *Freedom* in January, implying that the Micmacs should prove occupation before 1713. In March, the Micmacs submitted a second document. It contains two references showing a presence there in 1696 and 1703. Jones's report doesn't mention this, White says.

The Federation of Indians says the province unfairly "jumped the gun by denouncing our claim prior to the federal judgment." All the Indians want, they say, is a chance for a future. Their current situation is grim. "Indian people in Newfoundland," White says, "have a higher dropout rate, are less educated and less ambitious than whites." They're even marked as criminals for hunting and fishing, he says. (Micmacs at Conne River have been charged with illegally occupying provincial Crown lands. In August a court date had not yet been set.) "If we fail to win this claim we will feel that our efforts to make Indian people equal to other Canadians have failed," White says.

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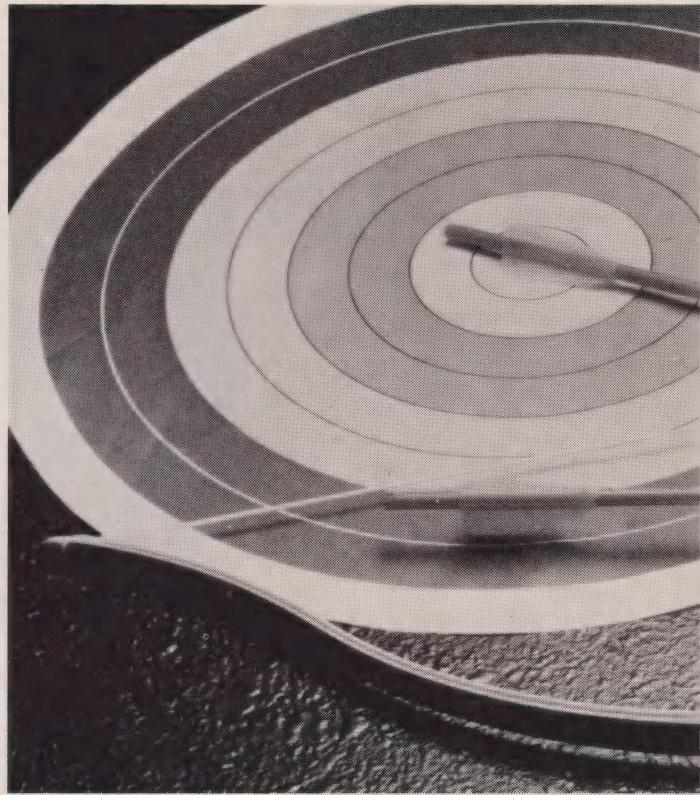
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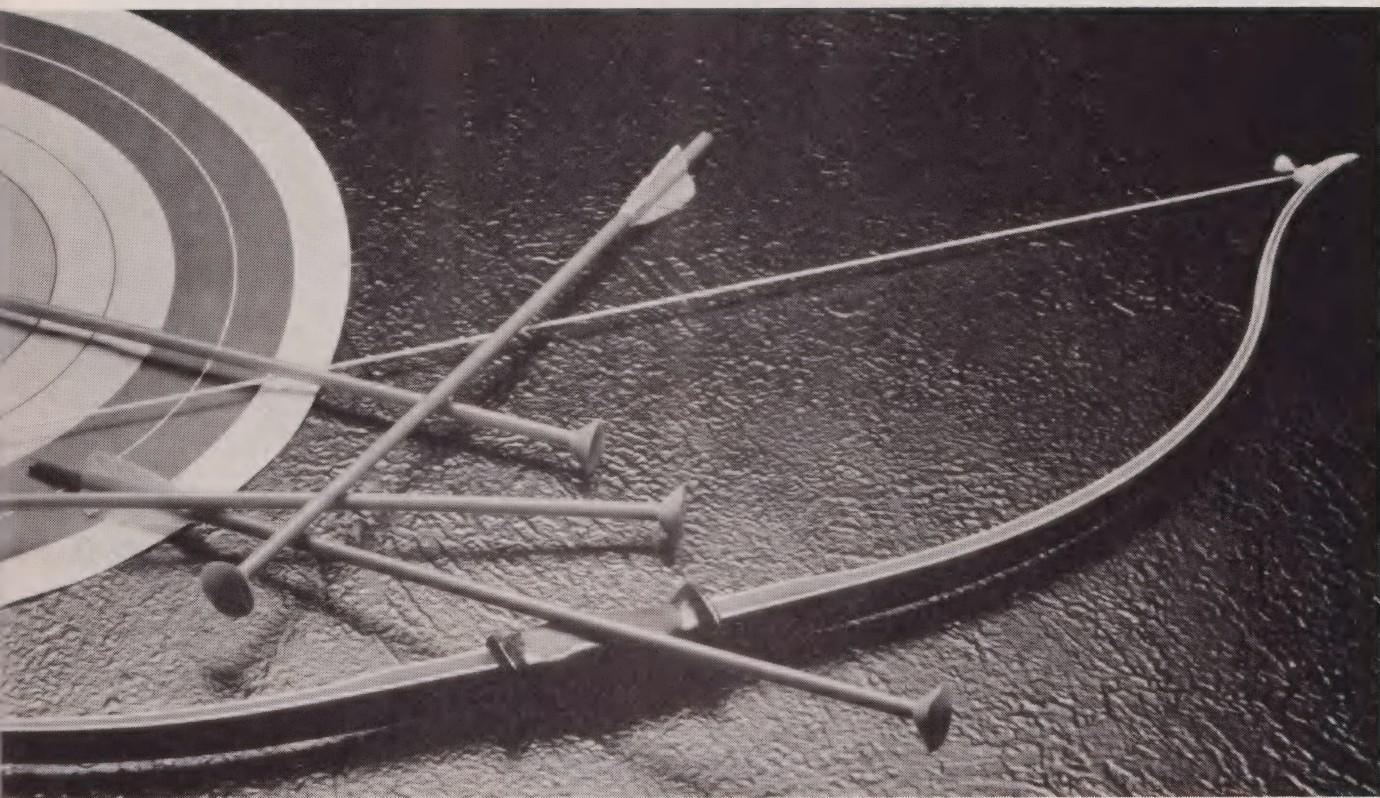


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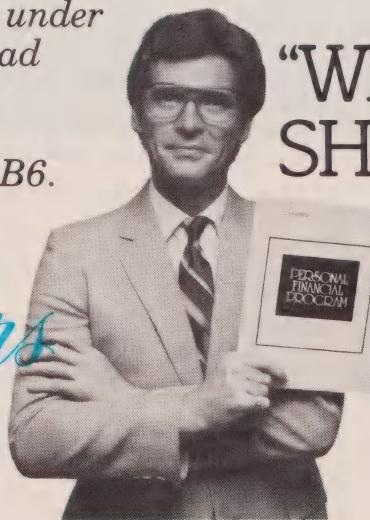
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## COVER STORY

# Joey Smallwood, salesman

*Joey's taking no chances on history's judgment of his political life. At 82, he's busy making lists, recording commentaries, making speeches, writing books. And peddling his version of Newfoundland history door to door*

By Stephen Kimber

*"I'll always remember what Churchill told me. He said, 'History will speak well of me. I know it will, because I will write it.' History will speak well of me too."* — Joseph R. Smallwood

This is not a day for writing—or creating—history. It's not yet noon on this mid-July morning, but it's already hot, hazy and humid. At the wheel of the borrowed Corsair motor home, Gerry Moore refuses to even acknowledge the rivulets of perspiration running down his sun-creased face and staining his baby-blue Pierre Cardin shirt. He is, as usual, unflappable. The Living Legend, on the other hand, is cranky and out-of-sorts.

"You're not really going to stop here, are you?" Joey Smallwood demands incredulously as Moore attempts to park the motor home at the top of a hill near the edge of Deer Lake's town limits.

Moore smiles cheerfully. "Well, sir, yes, I was..." In real life, Gerry Moore is the Newfoundland sales manager for World Book Encyclopedias. He has taken a few months off from that job to help the Living Legend, one of his political heroes, sell his encyclopedia. As soon as Moore found out that Smallwood was having trouble financing the second instalment of his projected, four-volume encyclopedia of Newfoundland, he says, he "rushed right over to see if I could help him."

Moore's scheme was simple: Smallwood would travel throughout Newfoundland hawking his book from a loudspeaker mounted on the back of a motor home, while an army of local students hired at each stop sold the books door to door. The proceeds, Moore told Smallwood, should be more than enough to finance his second volume. Smallwood was enthusiastic. He named Moore sales manager for his Newfoundland Book Publishers (1967) Ltd.

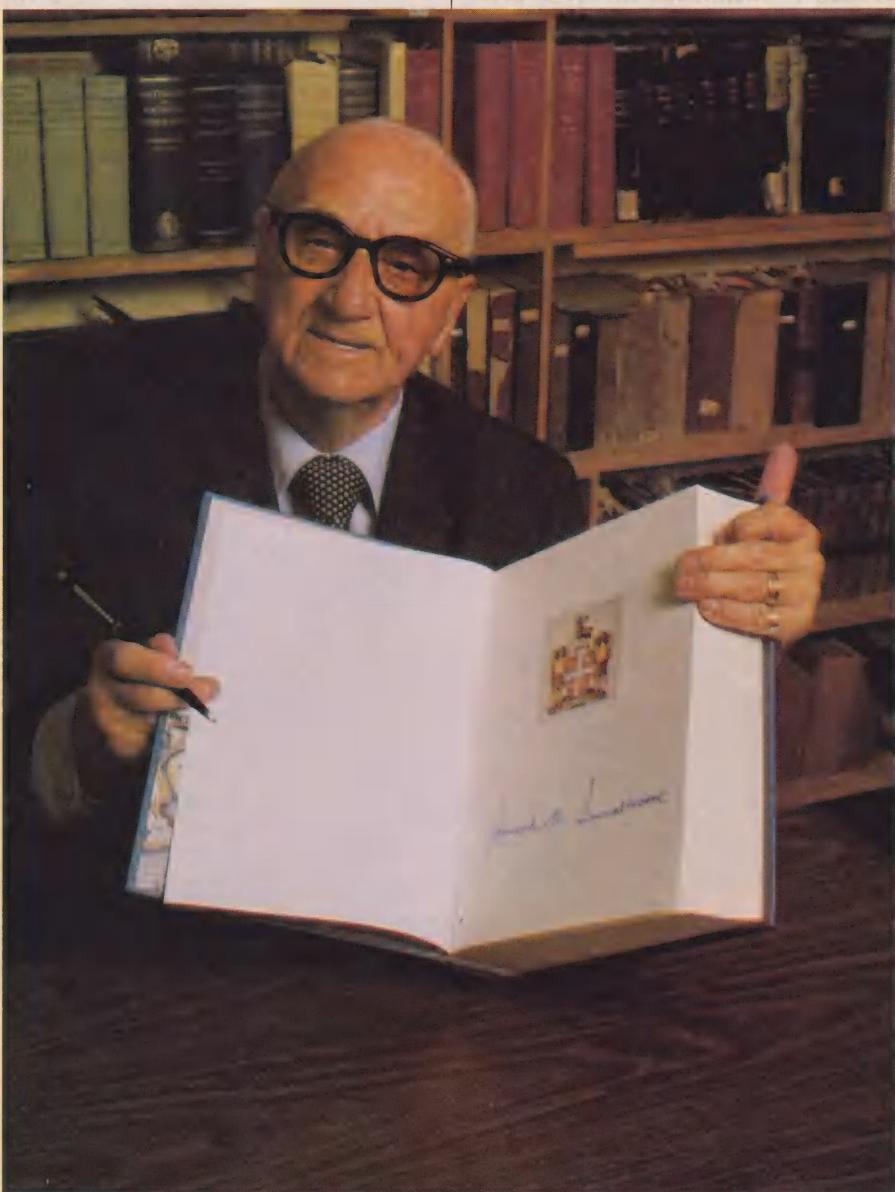
Today, however, he is less than enthusiastic about Moore's choice of parking spot. "If you park it here," he complains churlishly, "our ass is going to be into the wind and I'm going to wind up talking to the goddam trees."

"Well, Mr. Smallwood," Moore tries again.

Smallwood cuts him off. "I was speaking out of loudspeakers before you were born," he says. "I'm a veteran at this speaking from loudspeakers. I think

men, boys and girls. My name is Smallwood and I'd like to have your attention for a few minutes." The voice is a magnet. Housewives in curlers pull back kitchen curtains to stare; men in pickup trucks pull off to the side of the road to listen; children who weren't even born when he was premier of Newfoundland materialize from backyards and side roads to see the excitement. "I want to

BARRETT/PHOTON



Smallwood's planning to publish three more volumes of his encyclopedia

I know a little bit about how to talk to a crowd using loudspeakers, don't you?"

"You do that sir," Moore says, still smiling, apparently delighted merely to be in the presence of the Living Legend. He parks the motor home where Smallwood suggests. It is the right choice.

"Hello, hello," Smallwood begins, testing the microphone. The loudspeaker carries his voice for a quarter of a mile into the small neat bungalows of this Deer Lake residential district. "Hello. Good morning to you, ladies and gentle-

talk to you this morning about my new book; my big, new book about Newfoundland," he tells them. "It's a big book...1,000 pages....There are 800 pictures....This book weighs six pounds. Six pounds! How many of you have another book in your home that weighs six pounds?" He pauses to let the enormity of it sink in. "I'm here in Deer Lake this morning—this isn't a tape recording, I'm really here—to let you have a look at my new book. Some young people from Deer Lake are helping me this morning



Local students hired at each town sell the book door to door



The sales pitch: "This book weighs six pounds..."



"Even the little children still know who Joey is"

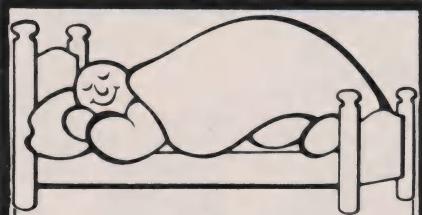
by bringing my big new book to your door. They are coming to see you on my behalf, so please treat them as well as I know you would treat me if I came to your home."

About a dozen people gather around the motor home to peer in through the windshield while children race around on bicycles. The Living Legend sits impassively in the passenger seat, holding the microphone, alert for a sign of recognition. He is 82 years old, but it's

hard to believe. He could easily be 60. When he really was 60, he'd been premier of Newfoundland for 11 years, and he was premier for 12 more years after that. He would, it is clear today, not be unhappy to be premier now.

"And how are you this morning, young man?" Smallwood asks a boy on a bicycle. He is still speaking into the microphone. "Good. And how old are you? Fourteen. That's a good age. Do you know how old I am? I'm over 50.

Let's just say that. I'm over 50....Do you know who made you a Canadian? Can you tell me that now! Who made you a Canadian?" There is an awkward silence. The boy looks puzzled, as if the man in the motor home were speaking a foreign language. The wind kicks up more dust in the road. "Well, we've got to go now," Smallwood says. "Thank you for listening to me this morning." He puts down the microphone and turns to Gerry Moore. "Let's get out of here," he says crisply.



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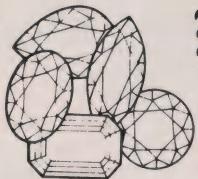
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HISTORIC PROPERTIES

## COVER STORY

It's tempting to feel sorry for Joseph Roberts Smallwood. He is, after all, the Living Legend who has become the oh-so-convenient Whipping Boy for a new generation of Newfoundlanders and their new breed of politicians who don't remember the magic the name "Joey" once evoked. Today, in fact, the names of both Joey and the megaprojects that were supposed to serve as his permanent shrines—the Churchill Falls power development and John Shaheen's Come By Chance oil refinery, for example—have simply become the shorthand Newfoundland politicians use to describe the kind of "develop or perish" approach to economic development they pledge to avoid in the future. "We will not give away our resources again," they announce grandly, "as Smallwood did when he signed the Churchill Falls agreement." Or: "We've had enough of Smallwood-era promoters like John Shaheen and their refineries that go bankrupt at our expense."

If Smallwood's name turns up in the news today, it's probably only because of his battle to stop the federal Restrictive Trade Practices Commission from forcing him to testify about documents linking his name to a Swiss bank account. (During a 1972 investigation into the affairs of Canadian Javelin Ltd., the company headed by controversial promoter John C. Doyle that had obtained mining rights and other concessions from Smallwood's government during the Sixties, the RCMP seized an application for an account at a Swiss bank. The application, allegedly signed by Smallwood himself, was found in Doyle's Montreal apartment.) Smallwood's lawyers claim executive privilege in arguing that the former premier should not be compelled to testify. "If I were going to comment on that [bank account] allegation—which I am not—I would call it trash and nonsense," Smallwood says angrily. It is easy to believe him. If Joey Smallwood really had a Swiss bank account, would he be using up the last years of his life in a motor home, peddling encyclopedias door to door?

But Smallwood himself claims he's too busy—and having far too much fun—to feel sorry for himself. Mostly, he is busy compiling lists. Accomplishments, friends, enemies, places named after him, words he's spoken, lists of this, numbers of that, lists and more lists. He's currently using the lists to prepare a series of 250 radio commentaries for a western Newfoundland radio network. Each night after his day's encyclopedia selling, Smallwood records 10 or 12 more five-minute, extemporaneous commentaries on whatever strikes his fancy. "I'm up to 218 of them now," he boasts.

There are commentaries about the number of trade schools he built while he was premier ("more than all the other premiers of Newfoundland combined"),

and about all the world political leaders he's met in his lifetime, including the fact that, among them, they ruled half the world's population ("not bad for a little fellow from Gambo"). Most of the commentaries—like almost everything he does and says—serve mainly to justify the life and career of one Joseph R. Smallwood.

"I built 6,000 miles of highway in Newfoundland," he offers, sounding as if he poured the asphalt himself. "Do you know how long that is? Well, let me tell you. It would stretch from here to Vancouver and then back again as far as

BUCHHEIT/PHOTON



He continues to fight old political battles

Winnipeg. What do you think of that?" He bubbles over with such questions. Do you know who named the Atlantic provinces the Atlantic provinces? Do you know who is responsible for the fact that you can now drive all the way from St. John's to St. Anthony? The answer to both questions—to almost all the questions Smallwood asks, in fact—is Smallwood himself.

Joey Smallwood is Canada's only living Father of Confederation, but he has lived too long. Or he has not lived long enough. He's been around so long he is an embarrassment to many Newfoundlanders who see his wily folksiness and clownishness as out-of-keeping with the more sophisticated, modern image they'd like to project to the world. They would, of course, probably revere him if he were dead. But like Diefenbaker, Smallwood hasn't had the grace to fade quietly into retired obscurity; he continues to fight old battles as if they were

new because he still needs to guarantee his proper nesting place in history. He hasn't been around long enough for history to render its more dispassionate judgment of him, of course, but he is convinced that history will be kinder than his current critics. At least it will if he has any say in the matter. He keeps making up lists, recording commentaries, giving speeches, writing books. He remembers Winston Churchill's words.

**W**hat time is it?" Joey Smallwood wants to know. "Is the sun over the yardarm yet? Good, good." He reaches under the seat of the motor home, pulls out a bottle in a brown paper bag. Being careful to keep the bag below the vehicle's window, he pours himself a tumbler of Vermouth. "I never take a drink until the sun is over the yardarm, and I don't drink after eight o'clock at night," he says. He takes a swallow, smiles. "But a man needs a little stimulant now and then. How are we doing Gerry?"

"Seven books so far today, Mr. Smallwood," Gerry Moore answers as he looks for another appropriate spot for Smallwood to make his pitch. "We're doing real well this morning, real well."

"Gerry," Smallwood says, the crankiness all gone now, "if you'd been with me in the old days, you wouldn't recognize Deer Lake today. It was just a place where a few loggers lived then. There was only one motor car in all of western Newfoundland. Just one. Today, Deer Lake is, well, it must be, oh, 12 times as big as it was then." By the time Moore finds a spot to park the motor home a few minutes later, Smallwood has revised his estimate. "It must be a hundred times bigger now. A hundred times. Must be."

Dutifully, Smallwood repeats his pitch for this new audience of bungalows. As he finishes, a young man in his mid-20s comes up to the motor home to ask to shake his hand. "My father thought you were the best thing since sliced bread," he says. "He'll be some tickled when I say I shook your hand." The young man says he met Smallwood once when he was campaigning for election. "But I was just a young gaffer then, maybe 13 or 14." "Ah," Smallwood says, "you're older than that now. But I'm younger than I was then....Where were you born?"

"Deer Lake."

"And your father. Where was he born?"

"Jamestown."

"Then your grandfather must be..." Smallwood, the political adrenalin flowing again, is off and running. Smallwood is disappointed when the young man doesn't know the name of his great-grandfather and where he was born. "You find that out," Smallwood admonishes. "You should know your history. For the children."

Joey Smallwood, who once made history, is now writing it. For the children. "Did you know," he asks over lunch in the dining room at the Hotel St.

George in Deer Lake, "that 80% of the people in Newfoundland today weren't even born when we joined Canada. Weren't even born!" How can they really know what it was really like then if someone doesn't tell them? And who better to tell them than the only living Father of it all?

But Smallwood is rewriting—as well as writing—history. "Do you know why I quit politics, Mr. Kimber? Do you? I was bored. After being premier for 23 years, I was bored to tears with it." We are in the almost empty hotel dining room, but Smallwood speaks as if the mute tables and chairs were an audience for his speech. "And that," he says with a flourish, "is why I quit politics."

He doesn't mention the fact that it took a Supreme Court ruling that broke an electoral logjam in favor of the opposition Conservative party—as well as the defection from his side of a renegade member of the legislature—to finally un-wedge Smallwood, reluctantly, from the premier's office in 1972.

And, even though he insists he's no longer a politician, every political wound from his long career still bleeds fresh at the lightest touch. "Did you hear about the speech Frank Moores gave the day he resigned?" he asks, his voice scornful as he talks about the man who succeeded him. "Frank Moores—of all people—said he could resign in good conscience because he had accomplished the two

The taste of authenticity.

## COVER STORY

things he set out to do in politics. And what were these grand accomplishments? Well, Frank Moores said he could now leave with a good conscience because he'd put Newfoundland on the road to prosperity for the first time and that he'd restored democracy in Newfoundland. RESTORED DEMOCRACY," Smallwood roars. "Ah, democracy. I was a dictator for 23 years. Did you know that, Mr. Kimber?"

He flashes back to the television interview in which Premier Brian Peckford, shortly after taking office, was asked what Smallwood's accomplish-

ments were. Confederation, Peckford replied. What else, the interviewer persisted? Nothing, Peckford insisted. Smallwood, Peckford told the interviewer carelessly, died in 1950. "That's what he said," Smallwood roars again. "Can you believe that?"

For his part, Smallwood dismisses both his successors as mere dust spots on the pages of Newfoundland history. "Fifty years from now," he says confidently, "history will remember only three names. [William] Coaker [a Newfoundland populist demagogue and one of Smallwood's idols], [William] Whiteway

[a 19th-century premier who built the first railroad line across Newfoundland] and Smallwood."

Not Peckford.

"Peckford," Smallwood snorts. "Ahh..." He stops, considers. "I don't want to talk about any of that anymore. I'm not a politician. I'm a book writer, a publisher. That's what I am now."

The *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador* is Joey Smallwood's 20th book. He's written histories, biographies, autobiographies, polemics and screeds, and he still has plans for at least four other books, including two more memoirs, besides the final volumes of his encyclopedia. But the encyclopedia, he says, will be his finest and most monumental achievement.

"Name me another province that has its own encyclopedia," he demands. "This is a unique undertaking." He had the original idea 30 years ago, he says, and he's been working at it on and off ever since. Smallwood says he's already paid out \$70,000 in interest alone on the bank loans he needed to finance the first volume. Volume II will be published late this year, Volume III, next year and Volume IV, the year after.

So far, Smallwood adds, 7,000 copies of Volume I (including 1,000 during the first three weeks of the current blitz) have been sold at \$39 a copy. "It would be quite erroneous to suggest that the book was selling slowly," Smallwood insists, in answer to the unasked question about why he's peddling it door to door. "This is the way encyclopedias have to be sold. They are such an expensive undertaking and unless you're Standard Oil—which I'm not—you have to use the proceeds from one volume to finance the next. It would have been a mug's game to try and borrow even more money to finance the second volume."

Smallwood and Moore hope to sell another 1,000 copies before his current tour ends at the end of August. "People aren't really just buying one book," Smallwood adds enthusiastically. "This is a set. Ninety-nine percent of those who buy the first book will buy the second. And when the third and fourth volumes come out, all the king's horses and all the king's men won't be able to stop them from buying those books. After the fourth volume is sold, that's when I'll finally get my investment back."

Moore parks the motor home and Smallwood repeats his pitch. As he talks, two boys—no older than five or six—approach the vehicle and stare up at the famous face. "See, I told you," one says to the other, "it really is him. It's Joey. I told you."

The only living Father of Confederation allows himself a smile. "They still know me," he says into the microphone. "Even the little children. They still know who Joey is."

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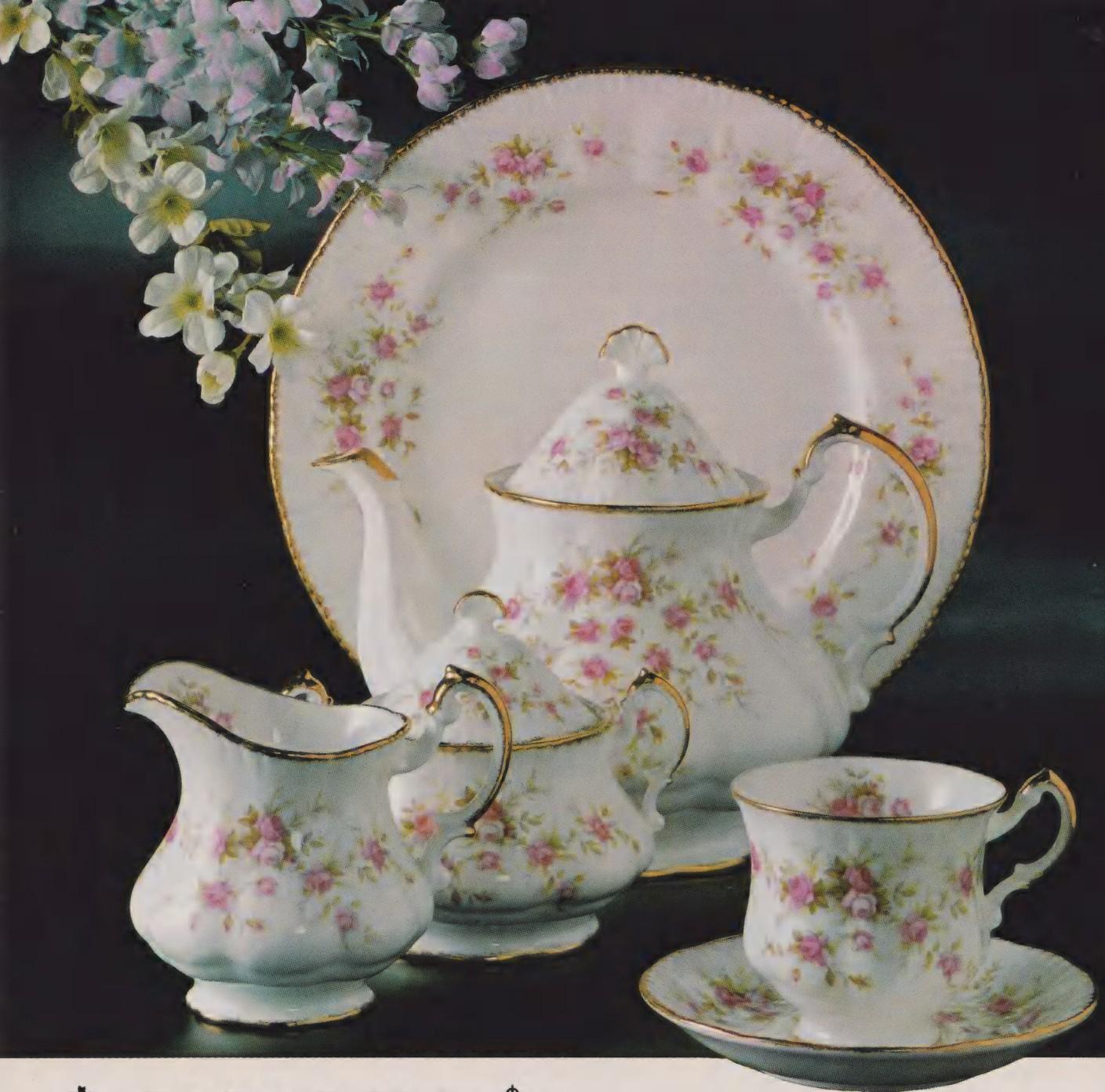
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## FOLKS

**A**lthough Mary Walsh, 30, says she's become "sort of stuck in directing," she's excited about directing *The Ray Guy Show*, produced in St. John's this month by the Resource Centre for the Arts. The two-hour show consists of music and skits based on the works of Ray Guy, Newfoundland's award-winning satirist. Walsh says the script "will be Ray's vision, some adapting of his columns." Taking a small role herself, she'll direct the seven-member cast, each playing an assortment of characters. Walsh has acted professionally for 10 years. Starting with the Newfoundland Travelling Theatre, she's performed with the irreverent Codco company and the Mummers troupe and has completed two seasons in CBC television's *Up at Ours*. As boarding-house mistress Vera Ball, Walsh played opposite Guy (a surly boarder) on the TV show and has known the writer for four years. *The Ray Guy Show* will play at the LSPU hall in St. John's and then tour the province's Arts and Culture centres with the help of Canada Council funding. Guy, who's won a National Newspaper Award and a National Magazine Award, has published three books and writes a monthly column for *Atlantic Insight*. Because his writing is also part of Newfoundland's junior high school literature program, Walsh hopes the show will eventually tour the province's schools.

**A**ny month, you can find Selma Huxley Barkham of St. John's, Nfld., poring over 300-year-old documents in a dusty Spanish archive, exploring library shelves in her native England, or tapping Ottawa for research grants. Barkham, 52, recently received the Order of Canada for discovering the site of a 1565 Basque whaling station in Red Bay, Labrador, where the remains of a sunken Spanish galleon rest just 100 yards from shore. Basque whalers visited these shores throughout the sixteenth century, gathering oil to light the homes of Europe. In 1960, Barkham's husband died, leaving her with four children under the age of nine. "I had to pull myself together, without a degree, and do something," she says. Barkham is the granddaughter of author Aldous

Huxley and daughter of Michael Huxley, founder of Britain's *Geographical Magazine*. Her Red Bay discovery has been declared a historic site, and in 1980, Barkham received the Royal Canadian Geographical Society's gold medal. The awards haven't exhausted her fascination with the Basques. Last summer Barkham started a new search, sailing along Newfoundland's southern shores determined to discover more of the settlements which mark this province's earliest history.

**A**fter Kent Martin saw an exhibit of paintings by the late-great Miller Brittain, of Saint John, he wondered why the artist wasn't better known. Martin, a 34-year-old film-maker from Bonshaw, P.E.I., didn't know much about Brittain but was "really impressed" with his work. As a result, he went to see the National Film Board, which agreed

tain's daughter, Jennifer, who'd gone to school with cameraman Kent Nason, and the filming went smoothly. "Everything seemed to click," Martin says. With five other film credits, he's currently working on a film profile of the noted P.E.I. poet Milton Acorn, and feeling happy with his recent success. "Basically, I feel pretty good about it," he says.

**W**hen Fran McHugh, 42, of Saint John, N.B., travels to Latin America, he runs the risk of being attacked by a mob. When he's in eastern Europe, authorities try to satisfy his every need. They may even offer him a call girl. McHugh, you see, lives a double life. At home, he teaches high school biology. Abroad, he moves in a world of intrigue and danger. McHugh referees international basketball games. "I've been beaten up more than once in Latin



Walsh (front), Greg Thömey, Ed Kavanagh, Cathy Jones, Rick Boland, Kay Anonsen

to produce an hour-long documentary that recently opened to rave reviews. Fredericton, N.B., poet Alden Nowlan said *Miller Brittain* "had as much emotional impact as a first-class feature film." Set in Saint John and New York, it traces the tragic life of the variously described "mystic, war hero, madman and drunk" who died 14 years ago. "It was quite an emotional story," says Martin, who worked on the project, directing and editing, for 18 months. "It was difficult to deal with." Luckily, the film crew had the co-operation of Brit-

America," he says. "They take the expression 'kill the umpire' literally. In Communist countries, they try to influence you in other ways. Bribes, we'd call them." Like the intrepid Elliot Ness in gangland Chicago, however, McHugh is untouchable. And after nine years on the international circuit, he's one of Canada's top referees. McHugh began by refereeing intramural games at University of New Brunswick where he played varsity basketball. After graduation, he missed college ball so he groomed himself to officiate at that level. One day,

he worked a national college meet and was "discovered." He's now worked in such diverse places as Brazil, South Korea and Bulgaria. Last month he officiated at his first U.S. tournament, the World's Fair in Knoxville, Tenn. His goal now is to be picked for the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. McHugh says his sideline is not lucrative, but it is educational. "You can't talk to the players," he says. "You use signals. But sometimes they say something to you. Afterwards you find out what they said. I've learned some choice phrases in quite a few languages."

**B**iology teacher John DesRoches of Miscouche, P.E.I., caught the theatre bug more than 20 years ago, when he saw his first stage musical—*Finian's Rainbow*—during his student days at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish,

when he wrote the book, music and lyrics for *Evangeline*, an adaptation of Longfellow's famous poem. It sat on the shelf for another 10 years. Then students at DesRoches' school, Three Oaks Senior High in Summerside, produced *Evangeline* last year, and it was picked up by the Kipawo Showboat Company in Wolfville, N.S., this summer as part of Theatre Arts Festival International. DesRoches says he hadn't worked on other plays until *Evangeline* was produced. "I was waiting for reaction from the first, which I never really got," he says. "It was difficult for me to be pushy about it." Now he's hoping that a French version of *Evangeline* will be produced as part of Acadian celebrations in Miscouche in 1984. And for his next act, he's planning a musical based on the history and culture of another ethnic group—Irish settlers in the Maritimes.

looking forward to next year's meets. "You're shooting against yourself," she says. "You're always trying to beat your last score; it's like playing solitaire."

**S**aint John, N.B.'s Charles Gorman won a world outdoor speedskating championship in the 1920s and the city posthumously built a monument to him in the centre of town. Now the city has produced another world contender. **Susan Hellingwerf**, 22, is the reigning North American women's indoor champion and had she not had an off day at the Canadian qualifying trials, she would have been one of the favorites at the world meet in Moncton, N.B., earlier this year. "I fell twice at the trials," she says. Missing the meet in her home province was "a big disappointment," but she has high hopes of earning a trip to next year's meet in Japan. Hellingwerf, New Brunswick's female athlete of the year, is fortunate she can even skate, let alone compete. She suffered spine damage in 1975 when she collided with an official who had wandered onto the track during a race in Saskatchewan. Out of racing for five years, she came back to win the 1980 Canadian 400 metres and the 1981, 400 and 800. This year she swept the North American 400 and 800 (setting records), 1,000 and 1,500. Hellingwerf says it wasn't the city's cherished speedskating tradition that led her into the sport, but chance. At



MacInnes: "It's a friendly sport"

RICHARD FURLONG

**W**hile other Grade 10 girls in her class head for cheerleading or volleyball practice this fall, **Brenda MacInnes**, 15, of Middleton, N.S., will be out on the rifle range. One of the top junior rifle marksmen in Canada, Brenda won the right to represent Nova Scotia at the Canadian Smallbore Rifle Championships in Granby, Que., in August. "Smallbore" means small calibre, and MacInnes uses a 22-calibre Anschutz, a West German model worth about \$500. MacInnes, who shoots with 95% accuracy, says shooting is "a friendly sport. It's like painting—you need good hand-eye co-ordination." She got hooked on the sport years ago, when she and her father, a teacher in nearby Lawrence-town, used to spend hours shooting balloons off posts. She's been shooting competitively for four years now, and practises for 2½ hours a week at a cadet rifle range. Nova Scotia has about 1,000 members in half a dozen rifle clubs, but only a handful of women compete. In Granby, MacInnes pulled a second place over-all finish (first place went to a young man from Winnipeg). Now she's



DesRoches: Biology teacher as playwright

N.S. Last year, DesRoches, 48, finally had his first play produced, and he now has "several sheets full of ideas" for future plays. His part-time career began 10 years after graduating from St. F.X.



Hellingwerf: Next year, Japan?

age eight, she wanted to learn figure skating, but registration for that was at a crosstown arena, while speedskating was being handled at an arena near her home. Now she skates all year, practising up to five hours daily and wintering in Sherbrooke, Que., for superior coaching and competition. Hellingwerf can hardly expect a monument even if she wins a world title. But then, in Saint John, you never know. Charles Gorman never expected one either.

## HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

# Batten down, Ottawa. Here comes a bit of blunt reality from Newfoundland

*Fat City will never be the same, once Edythe Goodridge starts working her wicked will on bureaucratic red tape. And just wait till the mandarins get a load of her dinner parties*

**E**dythe Goodridge isn't going to like this, but now that she's got a fat job in Ottawa I'm bound to reveal the disturbing truth about her. The Canada Council has appointed her its head of visual arts, which means she's about to settle down among the residents of our national capital, many of whom are smug, comfortable and tight-arsed. Now, some complain that even though the federal government paid for no fewer than 36,000 air trips by bureaucrats during only 37 days last spring, the luxury and serenity of their lives in Fat City insulate them from the blunt realities of life in the boonies. Edythe will fix that. She's a blunt reality from Newfoundland, and now she's adrift right there in Ottawa, and if someone would install an electronic bug in her cleavage to record for me everything she says as she barges among murmuring mandarins, I'd give a year of Saturday-night, cod-tongue dinners.

She does not shine at toeing lines, swallowing her opinions, working through the proper channels or, more significantly in view of her new job, gratefully endorsing the cultural policies that Ottawa lays down. Not that she's a battle axe. She could, if she chose, charm the pants off a Presbyterian parson, though that's not one of her ambitions. One of her ambitions is to be a good Newfoundlander wherever she goes, and that means tirelessly setting the ignorant straight about the natural superiority of Newfoundland and Labrador in such fields as wit, brotherly love, scenery, salmon, music appreciation, native theatre, capelin, political comedy, university extension services, human history, folklore, archeological sites, self-analysis, and the production of amazing characters (of whom she herself is a wise-cracking, chain-smoking and entrancingly combative example).

I once confessed to Edythe that I liked Peggy's Cove. "You poor Nova Scotians," she cooed. "You've only got one of 'dem. Listen, bye, on The Rock we got hundreds of Peggy's Coves, *hundreds*, you hear?" She employs lightweight, welterweight, middleweight and heavyweight Newfoundland accents. In normal conversation, she uses the lightweight accent. It's a husky melodious,

expressive and unmistakably St. John's voice. She switches into the weightier divisions to make a funny point, build an anecdote, express outrage, or throw mainland strangers off guard. When she's doing her "Newfoundland number" at Fat City cocktail parties, she glides smoothly into the heavyweight accent.

She is no stranger up there. She's served as a member of the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission and the National Capital Commission. Moreover, as the curator-director of Memorial University's art galleries, she performed not only as a huckster and Earth Mother for Newfoundland artists but also as a masterful grabber of federal grants for whatever Newfoundland cultural adventures she admired. When multiculturalism became a glamor industry among federal bureaucrats in the early 1970s, she dove on it as a gull dives on herring: She promptly persuaded the feds that the young Newfoundlanders of the trouble-making Mummers theatre troupe were every bit as deserving of multiculturalism funding as any Serbo-Croatian singers or Ukrainian dancers.

Sandra Gwyn once told *Saturday Night* readers that "Goodridge promotes Newfoundland artists on the mainland with the same baroque, bamboozling eloquence with which Joey Smallwood once promoted Confederation." For a showing of Newfoundland prints at Gallery Graphics in Ottawa in 1975, Edythe flew in Codco to perform before a mob that eventually included John Turner, Jack Pickersgill, and a CBC-TV crew.

She's got qualities that are more evident in Newfoundland than in Ottawa: Flair, heart, a sense of drama, and a social confidence that enables her to quip with a fisherman as though she were a fisherman, and with a premier as though she were a premier. "Black Irish and flamboyant," Gwyn wrote in 1976, "fond of oversize sunglasses, gold chains and Ultrasuede, Goodridge operates like a cross between Dorothy Cameron [a singular figure among Toronto art dealers] and *La Pasionaria*."

I call Edythe whenever I reach St. John's, and she always says, "You're comin' to dinner tonight. Who do you



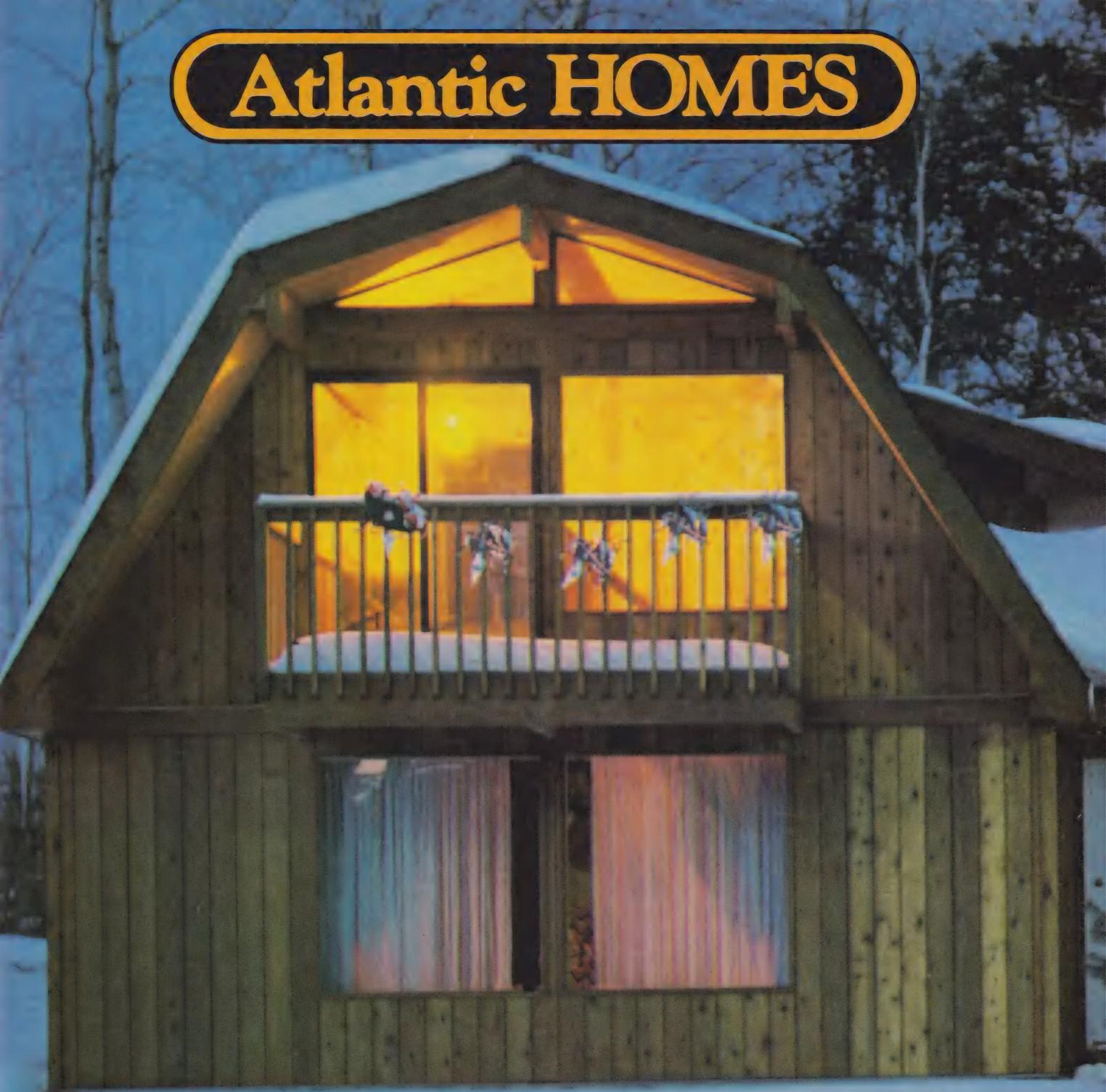
want to meet?" Among mainlanders I know, her dinner parties are as legendary as the salon of Germaine de Staél. You never know whom you'll meet there—a politician, labor leader, university president, artist, playwright, outport teacher, somebody in from Nain, somebody bound for Port au Choix. What you also never know is what is going to happen. Some people select dinner guests to guarantee calm, elegant patter and gay badinage which, along with the wine, make the food slide smoothly into the gut. Some people retire to a smoking room after dinner and have a civilized chat over cognac and cigars. Edythe, however, somehow chooses guests whose idea of a good time is to cut up their steaks and one another at the same time. Moreover, you don't withdraw from her table till you're too exhausted to go on fighting.

I exaggerate slightly. By keeping my mouth shut, I myself have usually escaped Edythe's house amazed but unscathed. At one of her dinners, which I'm sorry I missed, someone tried to win an argument with playwright Michael Cook by crawling under the table and biting his leg. At another, ladées and gentlemen, we had in this corner, the irascible, eloquent, ever-popular champeen of all Newfoundland fishermen, Mr. Rick Cashin—give him a big hand folks!—and in the far corner, none other than that cagey, sarcastic, always formidable representative of senior government bureaucracy, Mr. Bernard Ostry. They scarcely shook hands before coming out fighting.

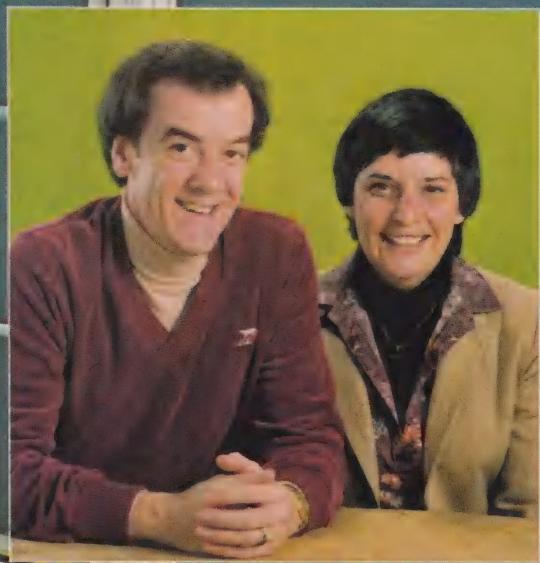
Edythe's dinner parties are like tag-team wrestling, and the first time you attend one you think, *Oh, the poor woman, how awful for her*. Next morning, however, she sighs happily and says, "Wasn't it simply wonderful? A typical Newfoundland dinner party. Everyone at it tooth and nail. Everyone goin' straight for the jugular."

Edythe's a widow with a son, John, 16, and a daughter, Elizabeth, 12. All three wear their Newfoundland character as easily as a seal swims, and no matter how long they stay away, Ottawa will fail to turn them into anything less than Newfoundlanders. Her appointment proves that sometimes the feds really do know what they're doing, but St. John's will sorely miss Edythe Goodridge and, whenever I'm there, so will I.

# Atlantic HOMES



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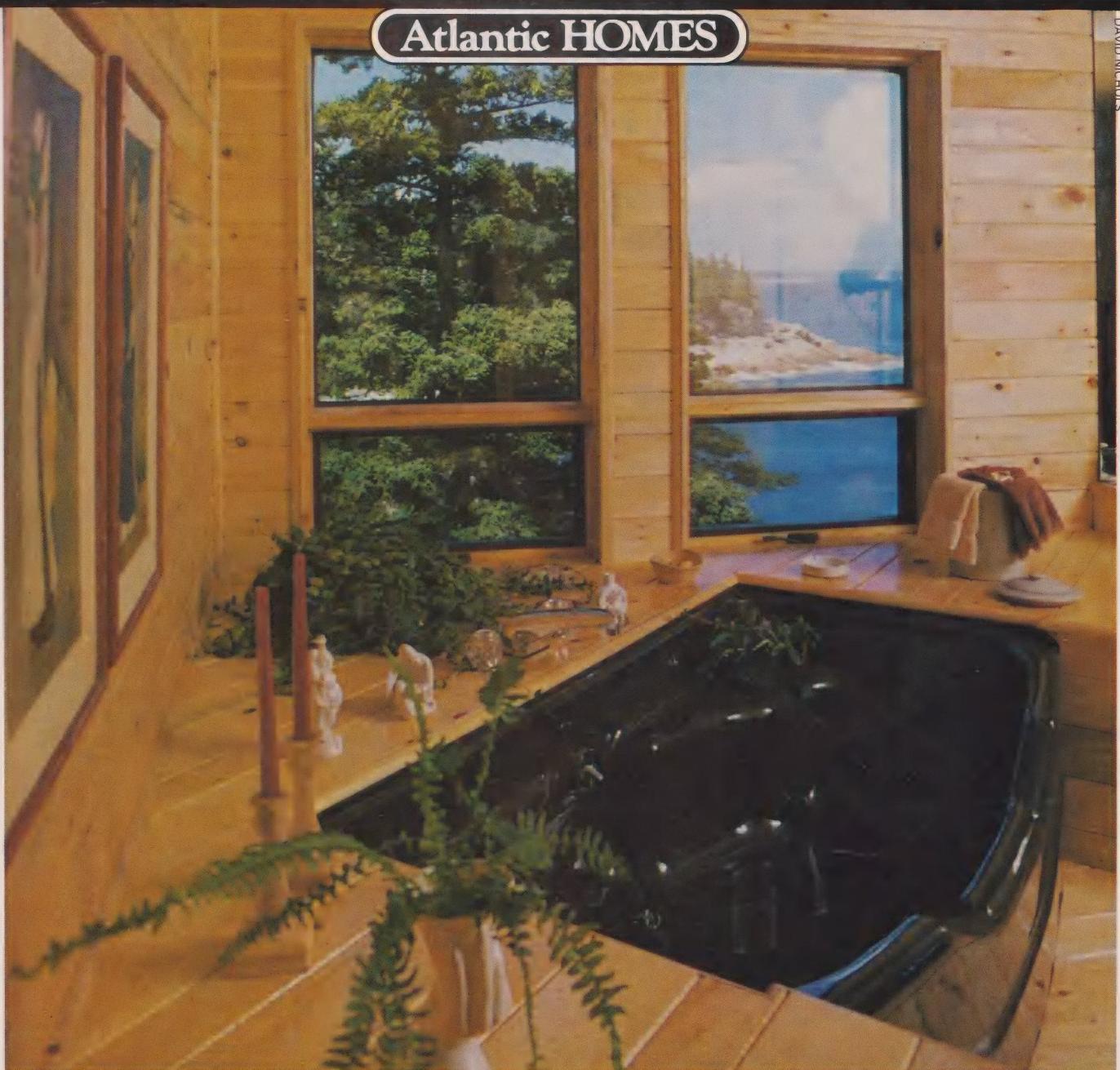
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The Wathens' bathroom: "The best place to relax"

## THE SUPER BATHROOM

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**A**fter a rough day, Chantal Wathen heads for her sunken, chocolate-colored bathtub to unwind. The bathroom overlooks the sea near Halifax, and from nearly every direction she sees the rocky coastline. Like the rest of the secluded, cedar home, the 13-foot-long, angular bathroom fits the environment well: Pine covers all the walls and floors. Chantal and her husband, Harry, planned their master ensuite as a private retreat—off limits to their two children, who

share a bathroom downstairs. Chantal considers the bathroom, which opens to the bedroom, which in turn opens onto a deck, the place to "forget your problems. It's the best place to relax," she says.

Many homeowners today want the bathroom to be more than a bathroom. They see it as a getaway or recreation centre, fitted perhaps with foam mats and a stationary bicycle. The market has responded with extra-long colorful bathtubs, hot tubs and whirlpools. Royden Akerley, of Cabinet Concepts in Halifax,

estimates that one in every 10 bathroom customers installs a whirlpool system, suitable for anyone with space enough for a bathtub. He recommends them for muscle-cramp sufferers, laborers and people in pressure-cooker jobs and says they're no longer a luxury.

But bathrooms have become more luxurious. In the Wathens' bathroom, a pine-enclosed, acrylic tub sits cornerwise in the airy room. The toilet is neatly tucked away beside a moulded acrylic shower. A two-sink, seven-foot-long vanity has sit-down space and a ceiling-to-counter mirror. Chantal added her own touches. In a decorating magazine on bathrooms, she spotted a picture of a pine-enclosed tub and incorporated it into the bathroom design. She's always on the lookout for unusual accessories.

In the past decade, the bathroom has assumed a higher profile. Andy Slimings,

## Fixing up for winter

of Crane, a plumbing fixture supplier in Halifax, says it's about time. "We spend a lot of time there," he says. "Why not make it a comfortable room?" Making it comfortable can mean moving fixtures to create more space, installing luxury faucets of Wedgwood or brass, or simply hanging wallpaper for a fresh new look. Then there are the bare essentials. "Any designer worth his salt," Royden Akerley says, "is going to recommend a magazine rack. Everyone loves to read in the bathroom." If you're looking for new fixtures, count on spending \$3,500.

The biggest complaint about bathrooms seems to be lack of space. Bathrooms in homes built about 15 years ago sometimes measure five feet by seven feet, which doesn't leave much room to manoeuvre. Careful planning helps. Sometimes homeowners move the sink from one wall to another to create extra floor space, or fit the sink in a drawer-lined cabinet for increased storage space. If the room is particularly small, consider a custom-made vanity. Although it will cost more, it may be the only solution. "Sometimes we're dealing with unbelievably small spaces," Akerley says.

In bathroom renovations, it's important to plan before you purchase. The plumbing adjustments to move fixtures may not be major, but check first. For example, you should know that the National Building Code requires that all bathrooms include either a window or some sort of mechanical ventilation.

Begin your bathroom renovation by measuring the room and checking out present and future fixture connections. It's easier—and cheaper—to allow for changes in pipe runs before you and the plumber start the job. On graph paper, decide what fixtures you want, where.

Decorating magazines will show you what's available: Pedestal sinks, bidets, shiny acrylic tubs that are easy to clean and don't fade. Although acrylic scratches easily, you can buff it without damaging the bright, bold colors. Moulded acrylic shower-tub units eliminate the need for hard-to-clean tiles. These days, people tend to choose showers over bathtubs, Slimings says, because they're easier—especially for older persons—to get in and out of. Younger couples, he says, seem to like the large tubs "to bathe together."

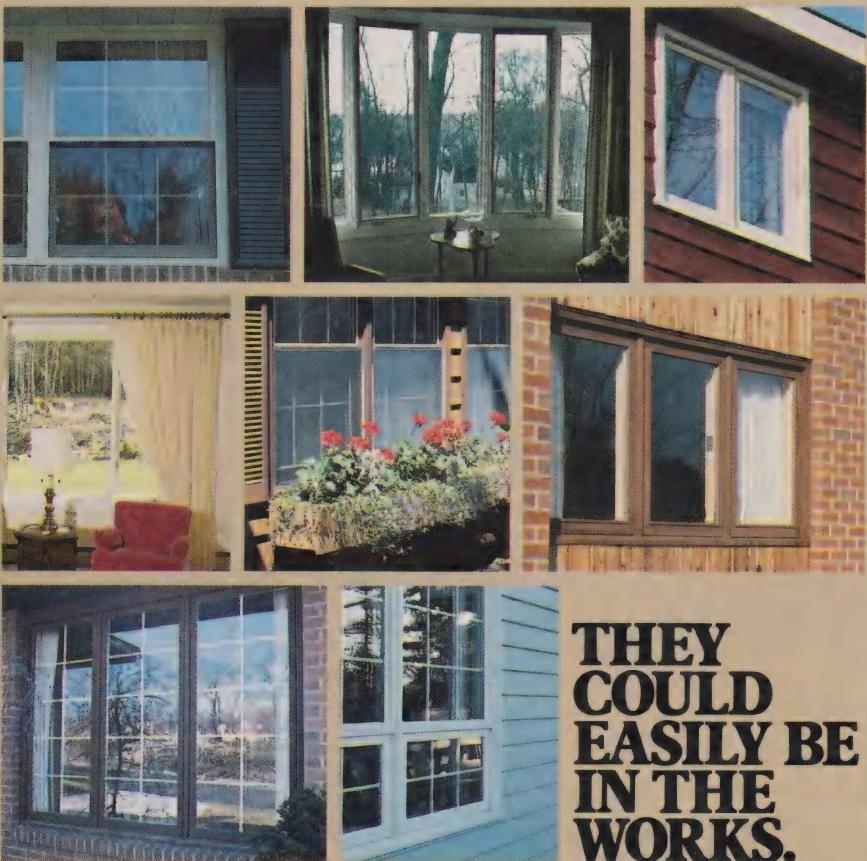
In one-bathroom homes, he suggests two sinks, with a toilet, partitioned from the rest of the room, to let several people use the room at one time. "It's very, very practical," he says—he wishes he'd thought about it when his family was younger. In most households, the sink's the most heavily used item; often, in two- and three-bathroom homes many of the toilets are unnecessary.

The bidet has become a hot item recently. Bidets have been around a long time in Europe, and some Canadian companies have displayed them for at least 30 years. But people rarely mentioned them. "The salesmen wouldn't talk about them," remembers Slimings. Mostly, women use them, but they're versatile. Parents can wash babies in them during diaper changes, and they make handy footbaths for sports buffs. A deluxe model costs about \$400.

After choosing fixtures, you'll find an almost unlimited selection of accessories: Hand-painted china toothbrush holders, high-tech towel racks, country-pine tissue holders. Kitchen and Bath Business, an industry magazine, notes that colors and styles seem to follow women's fashions by about six months. Be wary of choosing trendy colors and styles you may tire of quickly. Retailers count on that.

Women may pick rust knicknacks one month and red the next, but it's men who seem to want the costly, fixture-loaded bathrooms. When Neville Gilfoyle and Ann Janega built their house in Dartmouth, N.S., last year, Gilfoyle insisted on installing plumbing for a future recreation-bathroom centre, which he envisions with red fixtures, a hot tub and a bar. "It's the men who say, 'I've got to have a Jacuzzi,'" says Akerley.

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DAVID NICHOLS

Built-in appliances make the best use of a small space

# THE BORN-AGAIN KITCHEN

Once again, the kitchen is becoming the most important room in the house. Here's how to make the most of it

By Roma Senn



**W**hen Fran Stapells began to renovate the kitchen of her Victorian home in Halifax, she knew exactly what she wanted: Plenty of counter space and cupboards, a six-burner Jenn-Air (a convertible cook top) and "all the gadgets." After she gutted "the very old and cheaply done" kitchen in the former rooming house, she knew basically what would fit in the 12-by-12-foot room. She studied decorating magazines, and by the time the kitchen designer arrived, Stapells could say confidently, "That will never work." An efficient centre island appealed to her, but she decided it would take up valuable floor space. As a space saver, she chose a wall-attached butcher-block table and four stools, which the family of four uses at breakfast and lunch. Stapells' homework paid off in her new kitchen. "I just

love it," she says.

Paul Marvin is happy with his new kitchen, too. But unlike Fran Stapells, he's doing the work himself on a piece-meal basis. So far, he's replaced all the bottom cabinets in the 22-by-12-foot kitchen in his 1920s-built home in Walton, N.S. This is his first attempt at cabinetmaking, but he's done a professional job on tongue-and-groove pine cupboards that have replaced "ugly," poorly made, plywood ones. Although pine's become a trendy wood for cabinet-work, Marvin chose it for its low price: So far, he's spent about \$50 for wood supplies and he's completed more than 20 feet of cupboards. Eventually, he plans to wainscote the remaining walls to give the kitchen a traditional look.

Whether you tackle the job yourself or hire a kitchen specialist, count on

doing a lot of leg work first. Simply deciding what you want is a major task when there's such a variety of cabinet styles and materials, wall and floor coverings, appliances and gadgets to choose from. You'll be guided, of course, by cost, kitchen size, and your own tastes.

Kitchen specialists, located in centres throughout the Atlantic provinces, will usually co-ordinate the whole job, from new plumbing and electrical work to ceramic tiles, even though most sell and install only cabinets and appliances. Custom cabinets can range from \$3,000 to \$10,000, and it's not uncommon to pay more. One kitchen designer recently installed \$35,000 worth of cabinets and appliances in an executive-style home.

Many people consider the kitchen the most important room in the house and the number one selling feature. It's also

the most expensive room in the house. Homeowners spend 12% to 15% of the value of the house on the kitchen. "Kitchens aren't just kitchens anymore," says Royden Akerley, a Halifax kitchen designer. "It's become the centre of the home again." People don't use their dining rooms as much as they used to, he says, and they're tired of watching TV. Often, they'd rather sit around the kitchen table, talking.

There are lots of reasons to renovate: You may want to brighten a drab, outdated kitchen, increase counter and storage space, raise the value of the house. If you simply want a new look, consider refacing old cabinets, adding a new countertop or a cushion floor. Before beginning a major renovation such as new cabinets, do some planning. Unless you can knock out walls—which isn't often possible—or build on, you'll have to take into account the size and shape of the room.

In the Atlantic provinces, pine and oak cabinets in traditional style are the big sellers, according to several dealers. Contemporary European designs haven't caught on. But one kitchen specialist, who asked not to be named, disapproves of using pine for cabinets. Because it is a softwood, he says, it will warp, and applying a durable finish such as urethane is like painting Styrofoam. Dealers who sell pine, however, claim that a good-quality wood won't warp if properly sealed.

Lacquer, which is used to finish many kitchen cabinets, will explode in a fire. If you choose a lacquer finish, be sure to have a fire extinguisher in the kitchen. (In fact, that's a good idea anyway.)

In planning your kitchen, start by analysing your pattern of movement. If, for instance, you're constantly lifting dirty pots from your single-basin sink to wash vegetables, perhaps another basin would help. One kitchen manual says the average homemaker logs up to 15 miles a day in the kitchen. That may be fine for someone with time to spare, but a busy person may want a more efficient setup.

Next, plot a "perfect" kitchen on graph paper. Let each square equal six inches for an average-size kitchen, remembering to indicate openings for doors and windows and the location of plumbing and power outlets. Now comes the fun part—marking in the conveniences you want. Ideally, the three distinct areas that make up the kitchen—refrigerator, stove and sink—should form a triangle. Royden Akerley recommends locating the sink about five feet from the stove. Stoves and fridges shouldn't be placed side by side, he says, or separated only by a small cabinet. "If your oven is closer than two feet, your fridge will use more power—one-third more power per year," he says. Another result: More service calls and generally "more problems."

To determine how smoothly your design will work, use your imagination—pretend to cook and clean in your new

kitchen. You should breeze through your chores. "If you can't work efficiently," Akerley says, "what's the point of renovating?"

Decide whether you want built-in or freestanding appliances. One kitchen company says most customers want built-in dishwashers and many want microwave ovens. Let your cooking style dictate your needs. If, for instance, you'd love to barbecue year-round, consider a cook top that includes a barbecue grill. One in every 10 kitchen customers buys a convertible cook top Jenn-Air (priced at about \$750), Akerley says.

Most people want some eating space in the kitchen, even if it's only a breakfast

counter. In a squeeze, you might install a pullout table top, or perhaps buy small appliances. Decorating magazines will give you ideas, but remember that the kitchens they feature aren't always practical. If you examine them closely, you may discover that it's impossible to open appliance and cupboard doors without hitting something. Homeowners lucky enough to have a large kitchen may want a centre island for additional counters and cupboards and perhaps a cook top or sink. One kitchen industry magazine recommends a minimum 36-inch clearance from the island to any cupboard, appliance wall or table. If several people cook at once, more space is needed. ■

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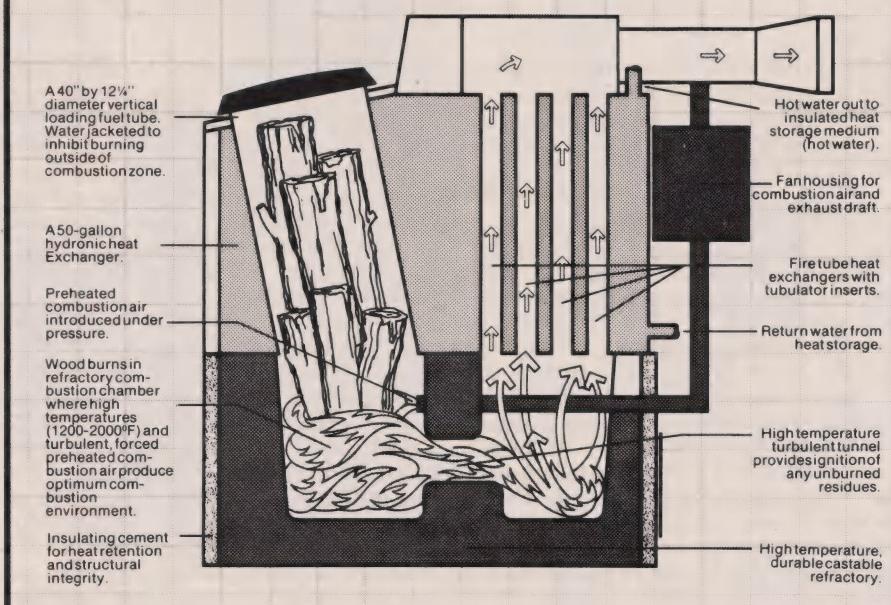
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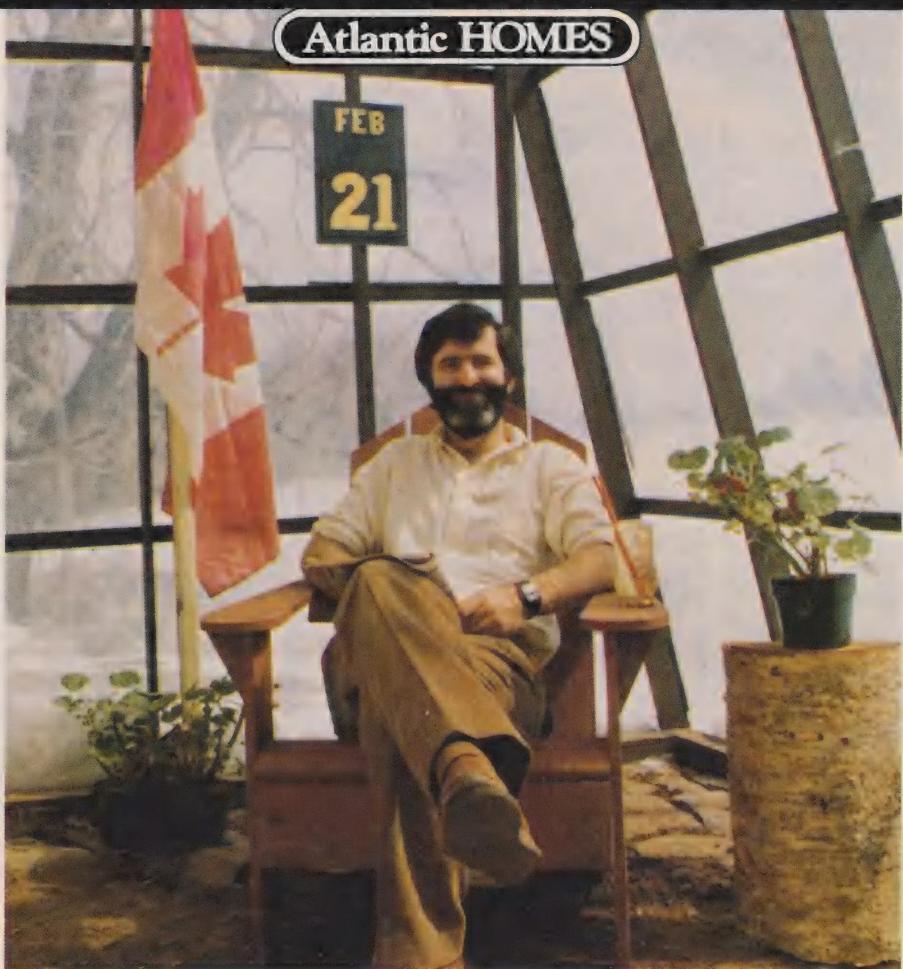


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MacInnes: Enjoying winter sunshine

## OUTWITTING THE WILES OF WINTER

The north wind may blow but, if you've taken the proper care, you, your house and garden can survive snugly till spring

By Pat Lotz

**J**o Heringa is residential energy conservation adviser in Newfoundland's Department of Mines and Energy, so it's not surprising that her house is already prepared for winter.

When Jo and Peter Heringa and their three children moved into a three-bedroom bungalow with finished basement in Mount Pearl, outside St. John's, in 1969, it had only two inches of insulation—in the attic. Over the next 10 years, they "air-sealed" and completely insulated the house. After adding another six inches of insulation to the attic they weatherstripped the doors and caulked the windows on the inside. Although there were already double windows on the main floor, they added sheets of Plexiglas inside. Next, they put in double windows in the basement and insulated the walls, by which time they had reduced oil consumption from the original 1,150

gallons to 720 gallons and were ready to tackle the main-floor exterior walls.

They removed the gypsum board and put up a frame of 2x4s two inches from the original walls. This gave 10 inches of cavity to fill with fibre batt insulation, but, says Jo Heringa, "the wall insulation didn't do what we wanted it to do," which was to halve oil consumption instead of reducing it by only 100 gallons. The reason is that their furnace is now too big for the needs of the house. "It's like running a big car," Heringa explains. "You can only get the fuel consumption down so far; the thing to do is to buy a smaller car." They have already had their furnace "downsized" by the substitution of a smaller nozzle on the burner, but as soon as a smaller furnace comes on the market, they plan to make a switch.

Few people would be prepared to tackle as extensive a retrofitting job as the

Heringas', but nearly everyone can do some of what they did to make homes snug for the coming winter.

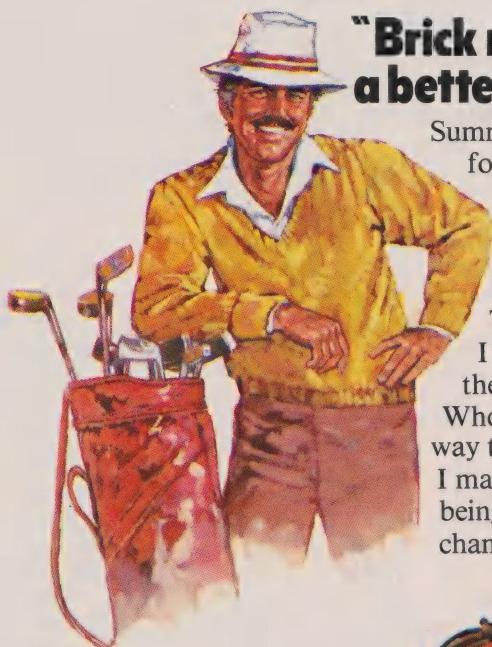
Start by preventing the warm air from leaving your house and the cold air getting in. "Air-sealing" is a job all but the most inept householder can tackle and involves weatherstripping and caulking.

"The important thing," says Hal Dobbelsteyn, energy officer with the Nova Scotia Department of Mines and Energy, "is where you seal. The place to do it is on the inside of the house. It's easier, safer and you can do a better job." Weatherstrip all doors and windows, including double windows. To prevent condensation between double windows, make sure the sealing is tighter on the inside window than on the outside—if there's condensation, the warm air's getting out. Since the purpose of a storm door is to trap a layer of dead air between it and the main door, weatherstrip the two. If you have windows in the house which you never open, seal them with beads of caulking compound instead of stripping. "Treat a hatch to the attic as if it were an outside door," suggests Dobbelsteyn. If you have a fireplace you don't use, block it off, and if the one you do use does not have a damper, install one and keep it closed when the fireplace is not in use. And don't overlook sockets and plugs on outside walls. There are kits available for stopping cold air from getting through them.

Air-sealing your house will increase the moisture present, but unless it's excessive, it's not necessarily a bad thing, considering how dry most houses get in the winter. In fact, if you have to run a humidifier in the winter, then your home's probably too drafty. If you do get a big moisture buildup, installing a fan in the kitchen and bathroom will help. Firms that come in and completely air-seal your house install a heat-exchanger which permits exchange of inside and outside air without loss of heat.

"Once you've air-sealed your house, and only then, should you consider full insulation," says Dobbelsteyn. Insulation materials are rated by their resistance (R) value, which is a measurement of their resistance to heat transfer. There are different opinions about suitable levels of insulation, but Canada Mortgage and Housing (CMHC) recommends minimum levels for new construction of R-28 in the attic, R-12 for basement walls, and R-14 for upstairs exterior walls. How much you go above these levels depends on your house, its location and the state of your finances. You may be eligible for a grant under the Canadian Home Insulation Program. The grant covers up to \$350 for insulating materials (including weatherstripping), and a third (up to \$150) of the total labor costs. You can get details of the program from your local CMHC office, where you can also get an excellent booklet, *Keeping the Heat In*, a step-by-step insulating guide.

# BRICK IT. AND FORGET IT.



## "Brick made me a better golfer."

Summer's too short for me to spend my time painting and keeping up a wood house. The only wood I use now is on the golf course. Who knows—the way things are going I may end up being club champion."



we're taking our money and buying a brick house in the country."

## "We just got back from Boston..."

couldn't ya tell!! Things have really changed for us since we sold the shingle house and built a brick house a few years ago.

Sure we're saving money on fuel—but it's really nice not worrying about what this salt air was doing to the wood. To me, taking care of a wood house is like taking care of a wood sailboat. Full time. But then I sold the sailboat last year, too."

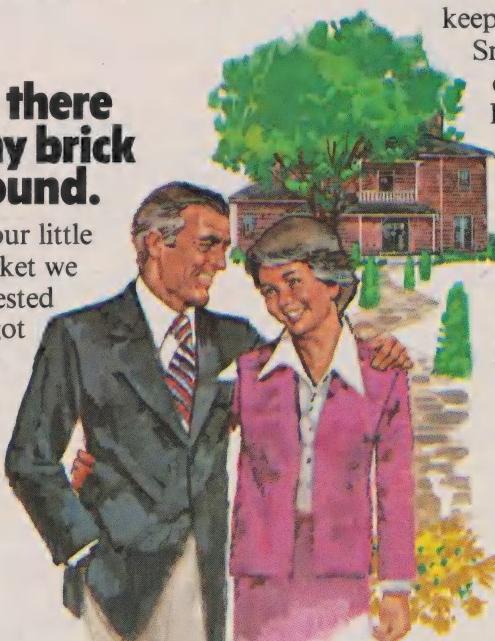


## "With the money I saved on fuel..."

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## Fixing up for winter

In most homes, the biggest area of heat loss is the attic. It's also the easiest area to insulate, so start here. In addition to the insulating material, you'll also be using a vapor barrier, most commonly a layer of 6 mil polyethylene film, laid between the heated part of the house and the insulation to prevent moisture getting to the walls. A flat roof presents special problems and is probably best left to a professional.

You can insulate your basement walls from the inside or outside, but unless you're planning extensive interior renovations, it won't be practical to insulate your upstairs exterior walls from the inside. The solution is to pour or blow loose insulation into the wall cavity. Pouring will result in more of a settling problem (up to 10%) than having the insulation blown in under high pressure by a competent operator (less than 5%). But, as Dobbelsteyn points out, "even a wall insulated 90% is better than a wall not insulated at all."

If you've already insulated your house and eliminated drafts but would like to cut down further on heat loss, consider installing insulated shades or window quilts, at least on your north-facing windows. And if your house was insulated several years ago, when recommended levels of insulation were lower, you might consider upgrading it. "Many people are re-insulating," says Richard Greene, CMHC's chief inspector for mainland Nova Scotia. "We see a lot of people who went for R-5, then later R-10 and are now coming back and making it R-40."

A properly operating heating system is just as important as insulation in keeping warm economically. If you haven't already done so, arrange to have your furnace serviced by a competent professional.

The majority of homes in the region are heated by oil-fired furnaces. Many people have only the faintest idea of how their furnaces work and what kind of ongoing maintenance they need. If you're one of them, stick around while the serviceman is working and learn something. For example, if you have a forced-air heating system and have not been cleaning or replacing air filters monthly during the heating season, now's the time to see how it's done.

If your furnace provided sufficient heat last winter and you have since air-sealed and insulated your house, ask the serviceman to downsize your furnace. You should also ask him to run a combustion-efficiency test (this is not part of a normal annual servicing, so you have to ask). This test will determine the amount of heat that is being supplied to your home compared with what is going up the chimney. If you're not getting at least 75% efficiency, it may be because your burner needs repairs or replacing.

Don't forget to "bleed" your hot-water radiators. This is to prevent air

bubbles forming and blocking the flow of hot water. Open the air valve slowly to let the air escape and close it again quickly when the water begins to flow. If you have a forced-air heating system, now's the time to clean the air registers and see that they are not blocked by furniture, drapes, etc.

Since oil began to skyrocket in price, many homeowners have become interested in wood as a source of fuel for their heating systems.

Eric Jackson of St. Martins, N.B., installed a wood-burning furnace in his two-storey cedar home three years ago when he acquired an adjacent woodlot. The furnace burns 5½ to six cords of wood annually, and when he's paid off his initial outlay for chainsaw and tractor for getting the wood, "I know my heating costs will remain constant." Last winter he installed a heating coil to supply hot water during the heating season. "There's no extra cost," he points out, "because it uses heat that otherwise would go up the chimney."

Wendell MacLaine of Rice Point, P.E.I., has an oil-fired heating system but he doesn't use it anymore since he installed a wood-burning cookstove in the kitchen of his three-bedroom bungalow. "The heat predominantly hangs around the living area," he says, "and the bedrooms stay at a comfortable temperature for sleeping." MacLaine stokes up the fire at night and by morning there are usually one or two embers left, "but even in the coldest weather the temperature never dropped below 50 fahrenheit and seldom below 55," he says. Like Jackson, MacLaine has his own source of wood (a family woodlot) which he supplements with waste wood acquired from his work as a carpenter. He expects to burn around six cords of wood this winter.

"Off-oil" grants, available through the Canadian Oil Substitution Program (COSP), pay half (up to \$800) the cost of converting to wood or other fuel. If you're only planning to install a wood stove as a supplementary source of heat but the stove has the rated output capacity to displace at least 50% of your oil consumption, you may also be eligible for a grant. COSP has toll-free numbers in all the provinces through which you can get details of the program.

There's a wide selection of wood stoves now on the market, but whether you choose a plain-looking type or something more elaborate in style, the important thing to remember is to select one the right size to do the job you want it to. Equally important is having it installed exactly to building code and manufacturer's specifications, and keeping it properly maintained.

Even though we know most of the heat created in a fireplace is wasted, many of us still prefer the comforting sight of logs burning in an open hearth. There are several devices now on the market



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## Fixing up for winter

designed to improve the efficiency of a roaring fireplace fire by using some of the heat that otherwise goes up the chimney. One of the least expensive of these devices is a grate made of U-shaped hollow tubes. Cold air goes in the openings at the bottom, rises as it heats and comes out of the top into the room. More expensive versions use fans to draw in and expel the air.

One way to beat winter blues would be to install a solar "sunspace." This could be a solar greenhouse, or simply a place to sit in and enjoy the sun.

To Ron MacInnes of Poreau, N.S., who's recently replaced his first solar greenhouse with a second version, "it's a mystery why more people don't put up something like this. There's nothing very complicated about it."

MacInnes, sometime teacher, broadcaster, and now organizer of fund-raising shows for the Dalhousie Medical Research Foundation in Halifax, used to go south every winter. After he stopped, "I could see all this sunshine in the winter going to waste, so I experimented with a sheet of plastic." For his first solar greenhouse, he built a frame from old barn timbers, stretched a sheet of 6 mil plastic over it and another under it, and attached the structure to the south-facing wall of his 16-room house. (MacInnes believes any but a north-facing exposure could bene-

fit). Sloping at an angle of about 45°, the frame enclosed an area of about eight by 15 feet. The cost? Just under \$100. Access to the greenhouse was from a window, which also let heat from the greenhouse indoors. "On a winter day when the sun was out, the furnace didn't come on between 10 in the morning and three in the afternoon," MacInnes says. In addition to the "psychological satisfaction of enjoying winter sunshine in shirtsleeves," there was also the joy of "fresh strawberries in November, fresh chives in December, spinach in February." With the experience gained from building his first greenhouse, MacInnes has now replaced it with one "more compatible with the house." It uses the same plastic but employs less lumber, of smaller dimensions (1x2s). He installed vents at each end but seldom uses them. When the heat builds up, he opens the french doors, which have replaced the window for access. Like the first version, this greenhouse is removed in summer.

There is plenty of literature available for anyone who wants to install a solar sunspace but lacks the experimenting skills of Ron MacInnes. Particularly useful are *The Solar Greenhouse Book* edited by James McCullagh (Rodale Press) and *The Solarium Workbook* (National Research Council of Canada).

Don't neglect a pre-winter inspection

of the outside of your house. Minor defects, such as leaking gutters, loose shingles, small cracks, if not attended to, can develop into major faults that allow moisture to work its way into the fabric of your house, providing an environment for wood rot to thrive.

As soon as the trees have finished shedding leaves, clean out the accumulated debris from your gutters (an old whisk broom is good for this), and unclog blocked downspouts. Cover leaking joints with roof cement, and use this too for patching spots that have rusted through. If these are too widespread, you may have to replace the section. Applying a protective coating to the inside of your gutters can prolong their life.

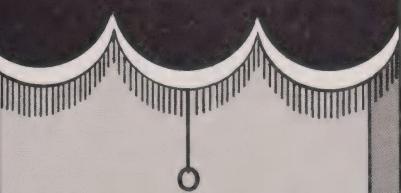
Water in the basement can often be attributed to poorly placed downspouts. These should direct water away from your house, onto paved areas. You may need to make adjustments by adding a length of pipe or "elbow" or changing the direction of an existing elbow. Tighten and renail loose straps or fastenings and replace any that have rotted away.

Check your roof for shingles that have curled, cracked or developed holes, and nails that have worked loose. For a flat roof, look for areas where the roof covering has blistered or cracked, and for openings at seams or where the roof meets the flashing. Check for defective

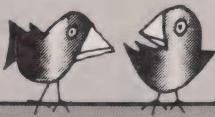
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flashing around chimneys, vent pipes and alongside dormers.

Look over your walls for cracked or missing shingles, or shingles that sag or bulge because the nails have worked loose. Check clapboard siding carefully for cracks, open joints, warped boards. Small cracks, as long as they are not too widespread, can be repaired by filling them with a good grade of caulking compound, but badly cracked or rotting areas should be replaced.

Wood that is continuously exposed to dampness, especially where it is in direct contact with the ground, should be treated with wood preservative. Wherever possible, remove a section of rotted wood and replace it with a new piece that has been thoroughly treated, on all sides, with preservative. If your house is overdue for a repaint but the job can't be done till spring, at least spot paint areas where the paint has worn away.

Finally, here's a pre-winter checklist for your garden. There's no one procedure for preparing your garden for winter that applies all over the Atlantic region. If you're new to gardening, you can get advice from the federal Department of Agriculture, which maintains research stations in each of the Atlantic provinces, or from the extension services of your provincial departments. Municipal departments of parks and grounds can also be very

helpful, especially where there are peculiar local climatic conditions.

**Lawns:** Keep the lawn cut for as long as you can. Ken Proudfoot of Agriculture Canada's research station in St. John's, Nfld., says, "Here in St. John's we get growth carrying on into the second week of November." Trim the grass to two inches for the final mowing—shorter will lead to root damage; longer will provide a haven for insects who will get to work in the spring, which is also the reason you should rake off leaves and other debris before winter sets in. In late summer or early fall use a fertilizer low in nitrogen and high in potassium and phosphorous. Steve King, assistant superintendent of parks and grounds in Halifax, recommends 6-12-24. If you have a heavy clay soil, your lawn will benefit from being aerated. Do this before applying fertilizer.

**Evergreens:** Unlike your house, evergreens should not go into winter dry—give them a good soaking in late fall. Evergreens, and this includes broadleaved evergreens such as rhododendrons, in exposed areas should be wrapped loosely but firmly in burlap to protect them from drying winds and winter sun. Don't use plastic, warns King, "that would cook them."

**Small trees and shrubs:** In most areas the recommendation is to hold off fertilization until the spring. Mound the bases of rose bushes with loamy topsoil six to 12

inches. Just before the ground freezes, cover the mounds with evergreen boughs. Take down climbing roses, lay them on the ground and cover with boughs.

**Bulb and perennial beds:** A continuous covering of snow is the best winter protection for your flower beds, but in most parts of the region, the snow comes and goes. The main source of injury to Atlantic plants is alternate freezing and thawing of the topsoil which can heave up the plants, exposing roots to drying winds and sun. Steve King recommends evergreen boughs for protection. Other possibilities are peatmoss, leaves, compost, even seaweed, but bear in mind that plants, such as pansies, hollyhocks, foxgloves, that remain green all winter should not be tightly covered. Whether you divide and separate your perennials in fall, or wait till spring, depends on local conditions. In most places, irises and peonies are best divided in the fall.

**Hedges:** All hedges benefit from being trimmed narrower at the top than the bottom, but in areas of heavy snowfall, you should also be careful to round the tops so as not to leave a flat surface for snow to accumulate.

**Pruning:** Except for removing dead or diseased wood from trees and shrubs, you should normally not prune before winter, since this stimulates growth at a period when the plant should be going into dormancy. ■

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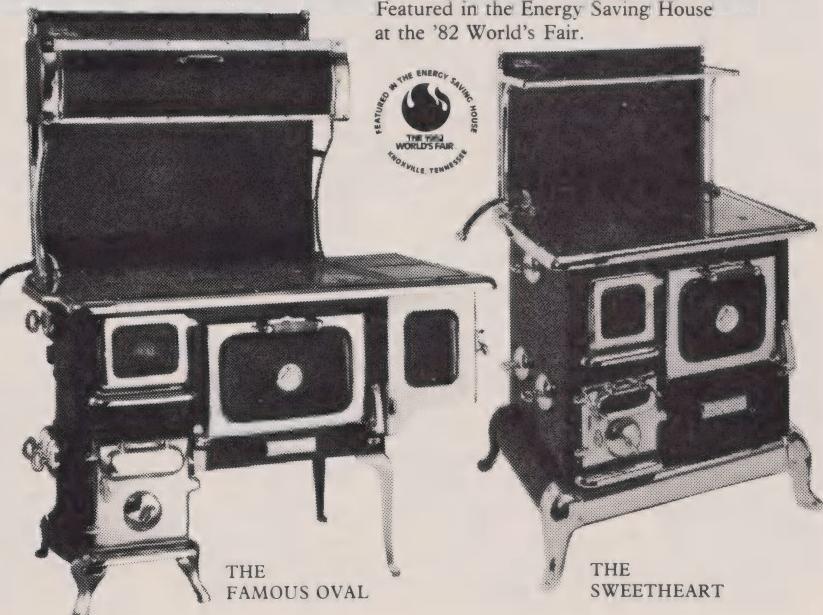
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# CARING FOR WOOD

How to repair, renew and maintain almost any kind of wood in your home

By Pam Lutz

**T**he wood in your home, like a fine wine, grows better with age. Care is needed to keep it in good condition, but, as furniture prices continue to climb, you can preserve pieces you already have by using a bit of concern and common sense. And you can bring new life to articles that otherwise may have been destined for the garbage heap.

Bad housekeeping, poor storage and neglect are the most common enemies of wood. If your home is too dry, the glue in wood joints dries out and causes things like chair rungs to give way. If the humidity level is too high, doors will swell and stick, and a sanding job may be necessary. Where possible, aim for a humidity range of between 40% and 60%. Exposure to direct sunlight is also harmful to wood surfaces because it can bleach out the finish; restoring the original color can be tedious and time-consuming.

Whether you own custom-made or factory-built furniture, the same housekeeping rules apply. Regular dusting will keep dirt and grime from penetrating the wood and help maintain the finish. Soft cheesecloths or dust mittens are your best bet. When polishing wood, avoid



Brown: Lemon oil's good for minor scratches

silicone-based products, and use polish sparingly. Frequent use will cause a wax buildup, which can discolor the existing finish and ruin the natural patina of the wood. It's better to use a little polish and a lot of elbow grease.

Geoff Douglas, owner of Wolfville Furniture Co., Wolfville, N.S., advises using a mixture of two parts boiled linseed oil and one part turpentine on natural woods. The oil feeds the wood, while the turpentine loosens the dirt to help the oil penetrate the wood. On highly polished or varnished surfaces, you need to do this only a few times a year. With a soft cloth, apply the mixture and wipe away any excess with a second dry cloth. You should polish with the grain of the wood until no finger print shows on the surface. Now you're ready for waxing. A regular paste wax, used sparingly, lasts a long time. Rubbing a waxed surface with a soft cloth will revive the polish. If you're dealing with special types of exotic woods, it may be wise to get a professional opinion. (Any reputable furniture company should automatically give you instructions for the care and maintenance of your purchase.) If you

have time, you can easily make a wax that is by far cheaper than store brands and will last longer: Melt one pound of yellow beeswax in a double boiler; when almost cool, add one pint of spirits of turpentine and one pint of boiled linseed oil. The linseed oil makes the wax waterproof, so occasional wipeups with a damp cloth will not harm the finish.

The Atlantic region imports most of its common hardwoods—oak, birch, maple and cherry—from wholesalers in Quebec, Ontario and the U.S. Douglas, who builds custom-made furniture from both softwoods and hardwoods, says the hardwood is imported because "the trees just aren't here and there aren't the facilities to kiln-dry it." Because of shrinkage problems, "you can't really work without kiln-dried wood." Softwoods such as pine and spruce are valued for their looks, but the finish is easily marked. Cedar's water-resistant properties have become popular in bathroom decors.

If you have the time, refinishing your own furniture is far less expensive than sending it to a professional wood-stripper. If the old finish is beyond saving, you'll

need a can of stripper to start the refinishing process from scratch. Stripper containing methylene chloride work well, but make sure you're working in a well-ventilated room. Most finish removers are toxic. After carefully reading the directions and removing the old finish, ensure that the wood's surface is clean by sanding it lightly with 150-grit finishing paper. When the surface is as smooth, clean and dry as you can make it, you're ready for the finishing.

Finishes keep dirt out of the grain, protect the wood from heat and abrasions, bring out its color and produce a surface that is pleasing to look at and nice to touch. Ideally, a finish should penetrate the wood to build up a protective surface layer. Some craftsmen prefer sealer/oils, which they painstakingly apply layer by layer. After each layer, they wipe away the excess oil and let the finish dry overnight. After three applications, the wood is ready for color or staining. Although plastic coatings like polyurethane are used extensively today (faster drying time and quicker application), woodworkers loyal to their craft still prefer to hand-rub oils into the wood.

Years ago, salt pork was a popular finish on raw wood. It's non-toxic and doesn't turn rancid, thanks to the salt. Recoating with salt pork may account for the survival of many antiques from grandfather's day. The oil preserved the wood and helped prevent moisture decay.

The dozens of finishes on the market fall into the categories of varnishes, lacquers, shellacs, waxes and oils. Synthetic varnish (urethane) such as polyurethane is the most commonly used finish. It can be sprayed on or applied with a brush. Douglas says polyurethane spreads evenly and takes 12 to 14 hours to dry. It's easy to apply and gives a hard, durable finish. Synthetic lacquers can be either a waterwash or a catalyst variety. The catalyst type give a high-quality, professional finish and is mar-resistant. It can be sprayed or brushed on, and drying time is so fast, dust and grime have no chance to settle on the wood. However, urethanes are usually preferred because the high-gloss lacquering process takes longer to apply. Special brushes and chemically filtered respirators are recommended for lacquering jobs. This means a much more expensive venture.

Shellacs are made from mixing alcohol and linseed oil. They take longer to apply, need more polishing and are more easily marred.

Most furniture waxes contain beeswax, which you can buy at most hardware stores. If applied over a coat of shellac, waxes help protect the finish. But they also can be used alone. Rubbed into the wood, wax fills the pores and is an easy alternative to lacquering. Two light coats are plenty. If you get carried away with wax, the result is a sticky buildup and uneven surface.

Oils, like waxes, can be used on any wood. Based on linseed oil, they take

longer to apply than synthetic varnishes, and aren't as durable. Exotic woods often require special brands. If you're not sure which type to use, ask. The retailer or wood craftsman should tell you how to care for your purchases.

Here are some additional tips for looking after wood finishes in your home:

**Bartops:** For a bartop that won't mark from spilled alcohol or water, try an alcohol-proof lacquer or varnish. If you prefer a flat, oil-finish look, you can dull the surface with steel wool. Just two coats of lacquer or varnish should do the trick.

**Bleaches:** If a cabinet or table top has mysteriously acquired a darker portion

running through the wood, a bleaching agent may restore it to the color of the rest of the piece. The most common bleaches are chlorine and oxalic acid. Apply as directed. If this doesn't work, try peroxide. Be careful that the bleach doesn't mar the natural markings of the wood.

**Chopping blocks:** For a non-toxic finish, mix two parts boiled linseed oil, one part turpentine and one part spar varnish. Apply three or four coats, rubbing off the excess after each application. To maintain the finish, wipe occasionally with cooking oil.

**Cigarette burn on hardwood floor:** Use sandpaper to remove the burned wood.

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## Caring for wood

If it's just a surface mar, apply a few coats of varnish. If the gouge is deeper, use wood filler; then sand and varnish.

**Loose chair rungs:** John Brown, manager of Argyle Pine in Halifax, says: "Never attempt to reglue without first cleaning the wood joint." When it's clean and dry, use a proper wood glue. Krazy Glue won't do.

**Picnic tables:** If the wood is a cedar, it will weather nicely and will require just a stain or preservative to maintain it. If the table is made from other woods that have faded, you may have to scrape and repaint.

**Repairing veneer:** If the veneer on your coffee table has buckled, try injecting a white resin glue under the lifted portions. With a damp cloth and hot iron, steam the veneer until it's flat. Then place weights on the surface until the glue sets.

**Salad bowls:** Never immerse them in hot water. If you must use a detergent, make sure it's mild and the water is only lukewarm. Don't let the bowls sit long in the water. Wash and dry them immediately. You can rub mineral oil into the bowls for maintenance. (Some vegetable oils can eventually turn rancid in the wood.) Do not heat wooden bowls, or leave them in the fridge for more than an hour or two.

**Scratches:** John Brown recommends lemon oil or a linseed-oil-and-turpentine mixture for removing minor scratches on wood. Home remedies such as iodine, shoe polish or mayonnaise on modern finishes are not recommended. "You risk damaging the finish," he says.

**Water rings:** Most water rings can be removed with gentle abrasives. Try rottenstone, found in most hardware stores, mixed with a little oil. Most rings are just surface stains, which can be easily removed. After removing, polish and buff to restore lustre.

**Wax buildup:** A cloth moistened with Varsol should remove wax buildup on most surfaces, without damage.

**Wicker:** To refurbish a piece of wicker furniture, lightly sand to remove any loose varnish. Then either spray or brush on a synthetic varnish. To maintain, wipe occasionally with a damp cloth. Unfinished wicker needs periodic wettings to keep the thin wood strips from becoming too brittle.

**Window sills:** Clean the sill according to the type of finish used (paint, lacquer or varnish). Waxing will then prevent moisture damage. Rubbed-in paste wax works best and needs occasional polishing. When it's time to repaint the sills, wipe off with turpentine.

Regardless of the type of wood you set out to overhaul, the end result can add a warmth and richness to your home surroundings. And the next time you're rummaging through the family garage or attic, keep an eye open for a dust-covered chair or table hidden in some obscure corner. You could be delighted at what lurks beneath the old finish.

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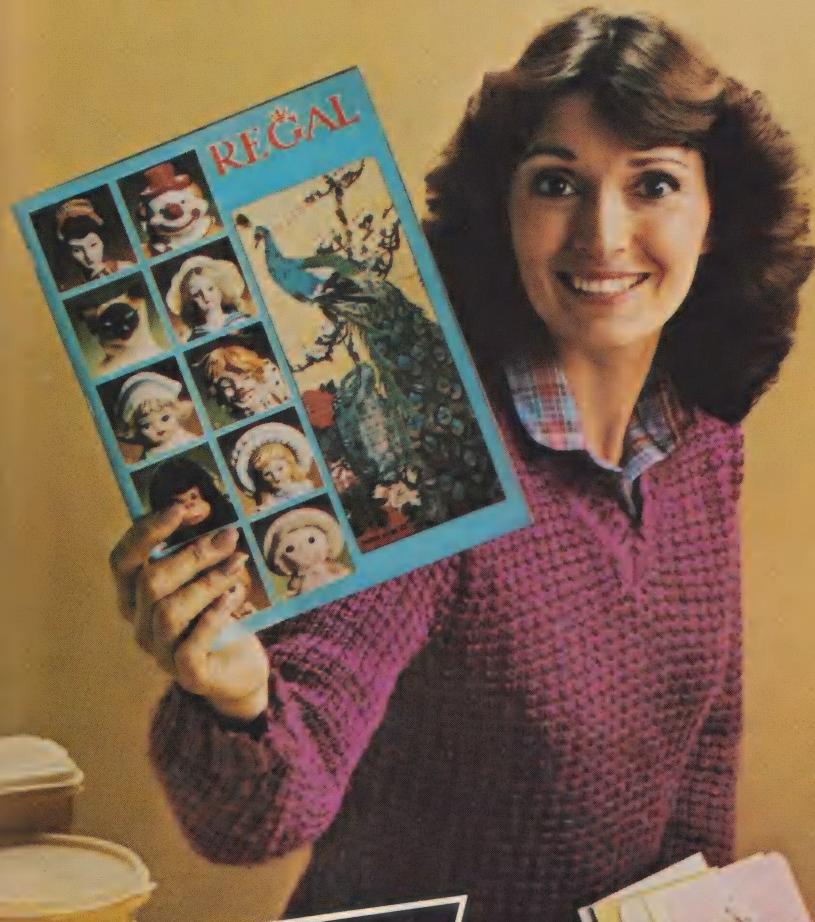
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# **EDUCATION**



JAMES WILLIAMS STAFF

Netherwood: The entire teaching staff quit

## **At Netherwood School for Girls, it's a man who's boss**

*Controversy erupted when N.B.'s private school for girls got a new head—the master of Rothesay Collegiate School for boys. But school officials say they'll give the plan a chance*

**P**rivate schools seldom generate public controversies, especially the venerable Rothesay Collegiate School for boys and Netherwood School for Girls, located side-by-side in the posh Saint John, N.B., suburb of Rothesay. But for a few weeks in early summer, the future of Netherwood became the hottest education topic in New Brunswick, displacing headline-grabbers such as school strikes, French immersion programs and vandalism. The cause was the resignation of Netherwood's entire seven-member teaching staff, who quit rather than submit to a new policy that will give the RCS headmaster authority over Netherwood.

Although the two schools are geographically close and academically integrated, they were administratively independent with each school head wielding equal authority. And there, according to Netherwood Foundation president Olga Grant lay a large part of the problem. Too often, she claims, the heads couldn't agree. "One would say 'Let's do this' and the other would disagree and nothing was done." But three former headmistresses dating back to the mid-70s, Lynda Heffernan, Kay Robinson and Barbara Crocker, recall few such disagreements. Crocker, the outgoing head, opposes the new policy because she believes it sets a bad example for Netherwood's students. "I resigned because I felt Netherwood needs its own headmistress with her own authority on the Netherwood campus." Crocker, of Glace Bay, N.S., added: "It's

very important to have a school run by women....It's important for girls getting ready to go out into the world to realize that women can do the job."

The 108-year-old RCS and the 84-year-old Netherwood first merged their academic programs in 1972. Six years later the schools set up a joint management committee of representatives from both school boards to administer the two institutions. JMC chairman Wallace Turnbull said from 1972 to 1978 the RCS headmaster had the final say on academic matters. Then, each head was given equal authority. Starting this term, the 1972 system will be back in effect for one year. Next July, the RCS headmaster will have authority over both schools.

The key factor behind the move is cost-cutting which, like most private schools, Rothesay and Netherwood must achieve to survive. Last year, 178 students attended the schools, 128 of them live-in students, paying \$6,775 to \$7,525 a year, 50 of them day students, at \$2,900 to \$3,150 a year.

Last January, the RCS treasurer informed the school's board of directors that the school would lose \$30,000 if run separately from Netherwood and if it could not attract at least 63 new students. Earlier in the month, RCS headmaster Ned Larsen, a strong believer in one academic head for both schools, had resigned rather than accede to an RCS executive committee request to run a separate school, co-educational if necessary.

The RCS board then decided to notify Netherwood that it would terminate the joint management agreement and rehired Larsen. By February the headmaster informed his board that the deficit in operating a separate school would be \$163,000 and that it would be impossible to find 63 new students. Larsen resigned "once and for all" on Feb. 5, noting that he didn't think either school could survive five years on its own, and within a week, the RCS executive committee had recommended the plan which will see the two schools run by a single head starting next July.

Wallace Turnbull denies that the move to a one-head system was a spur-of-the-moment action brought on by Larsen's resignation. He says the plan had been considered for some time and was based on a consultant's recommendation. But Barbara Crocker feels "the decision should have been taken at a slower pace and should have been studied more before any decision was taken." News reports claim the Netherwood board ratified the one-head plan by a 12-11 vote in April when two opponents were out of town. Earlier, in January, Netherwood's board had opposed the one-head system by a vote of 16-8, but had pointed out that a complete separation of the two schools would be "disastrous to both." But at a joint meeting held at Rothesay's Shadow Lawn hotel in February, the boards of both schools approved in principle the RCS plan that would establish an over-all head with assistants in both schools, to take effect in 1983. The Netherwood Old Girls Association, an alumni group, was off the mark almost immediately, opposing the plan. And by June, the resignations of Netherwood's staff became public.

For a while, it looked as if the plan might founder on the rocks of the claim, by Netherwood's Crocker, that a male head for a girl's school is out of step with the modern concept of independence for women. Turnbull points out that the new plan, however, does not require that the top official of Netherwood and RCS be a man. "We sought the best person for the job. If that person had been a female, we would have hired her."

As September and the new school year approached, everyone connected with the schools closed ranks. Ian Rowe, the new RCS headmaster, said he hoped the controversy would "die a painless death." Turnbull said he saw no point in even discussing it. Netherwood appointed a new headmistress, Sonia G. Tilson, in August. Cheryl Robinson, the president of the Old Girls, said her organization had dropped its opposition and was prepared to give the new plan a chance. "The schools remain independent," she said. "The plan can always be changed."

For now, all seems quiet. But if the boards have miscalculated, and it shows during the school year, next summer could bring another season of tempest in a Limoges teacup. ☐

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# The business boom Baby Duck built

*Andrés wines are so popular in Atlantic Canada, the Truro, N.S., winery is in the midst of a million-dollar expansion. The company's secret? Smart marketing*

Labels from wine bottles cover the cork board at the back of the room. Wine bottles line the table top: Auberge, Riesling, Wintergarten. This isn't the aftermath of a party but the office of Kenneth Smith, plant manager at the Truro, N.S., winery of Andrés Wines. Sitting behind his desk, he pulls out an empty bottle almost identical in shape to a well-known German wine. Andrés may soon distribute its own version of the sparkling wine throughout the Atlantic provinces. The company often copies the look of popular California and European wines—perhaps Gothic print, a picture of a Bavarian castle and a coat of arms for a German-style wine—and mentions itself only in the fine print below. The technique seems to work. Andrés wines sell well.

So well, in fact, that Andrés, a 21-year-old Canadian company with six wineries from British Columbia to Nova Scotia, recently expanded all its facilities. The Truro plant is in the midst of a \$1-million-plus expansion—partly funded by Department of Regional Economic Expansion grants—that will enlarge storage and bottling space and increase its current yearly capacity of 4.2 million bottles to 12 million.

Although many wine drinkers snicker at the mere mention of Andrés—Canada's largest wine producer with sales of nearly \$47 million—it won nine international wine awards last year. Andrés' Baby Duck made it all possible. A pop-like red and white blend, Baby Duck is still Canada's most popular wine even though sales are dropping. It became an instant hit when Andrés introduced the low-alcohol, low-cost drink nine years ago. High school and college kids raised on Coke drank it by the bottle. It went down easily. Adults unaccustomed to drinking wine took to it, too. "Baby Duck put Andrés on the map," says Joy-Anne Rands, Andrés' Dartmouth-based sales and public relations manager. The yellow duck symbolizes Andrés' success. Rands has a fabric duck badge on her car steering wheel. Kenneth Smith and wine-maker Chris Syberg wear Baby Duck Timex watches.

The Truro-made wine, distributed throughout Atlantic Canada, is produced

from California grapes "most like European" that are loaded onto Truro-bound trucks in the Napa Valley in the fall. In Truro, workers crush and ferment the grapes in big shiny tanks that can hold 7,000 gallons. Syberg follows the fermentation carefully, testing samples in what looks like a high school chemistry lab. "It's an art and a science," he says.

But what really counts is smart marketing. From computer printouts, Smith rhymes off Nova Scotia sales figures for popular wines like the Italian Donini and Ontario-based Chateau-Gai's Alpenweiss. Andrés' Auberge leads the pack. It's one of eight white table wines Andrés sells in Nova Scotia (listings vary from province to province). Most are



Smith: Andrés wines are "getting better"

DAVID NICHOLS

new, developed in the past couple of years to compete in the flourishing white wine market. "It's chic to drink wine now," Rands says. She credits the Ducks for making wine popular in Canada. "They got people enjoying wine," she says. In the past 10 years, wine consumption in Canada has more than doubled, from .5 gallons per person annually to 1.2 gallons.

Andrés hatched Baby Duck not long after it brought Cold Duck, a German concoction, to Canada from the U.S., after a long history in Germany. At the end of German parties, drops of wine left in bottles were mixed together to make *kalde ende*—cold ends of the party. Somehow, the Americans twisted the name to *kalde ente*—cold duck. The new name stuck. The origins of Baby Duck's name are more obscure: Several former Andrés executives claim credit for it.

When Andrew Peller began Andrés in 1961 in Port Moody, B.C., his aim was to make fine table wines, not pop wine, and that nearly sank him. Despite shaky finances, Peller, a native of Hungary who sold his Hamilton, Ont., brewery in 1955, opened wineries in Alberta, Nova Scotia, Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba within a few years. Today, Andrés sells across Canada, the U.S. and Japan. Recently it introduced Baby Duck to the British, who remain less than enthusiastic—despite Andrés' initial \$2.5-million advertising campaign and a launching party in London in which young hostesses, pinning duckling buttons on lapels, asked "Can I Baby Duck you?"

At home, Andrés reports an 11% increase in sales in the past year, and 40% of the total wine market in Canada. In the Atlantic region, Andrés is even more popular. In Nova Scotia, 56% of all Canadian wine bought is from Andrés.

Not everyone loves it. "I have never bought a Canadian wine that I've liked," says Jeremy Akerman, who writes a food and wine column for a Halifax newspaper. In a recent column, he conducted a blind wine-tasting test by wine buffs who compared Canadian brands, including Andrés, with similar imports. The group found none of the white wines acceptable and called Andrés' Hochtaler "rather cloying, metallic" with an "insipid finish"; the Riesling had a "thin, sulphurous, sickly bouquet with touch of raisin." The tasters found Andrés' Moulin Rouge "horrible," "disgusting," "revolting," "Kool-Aid red."

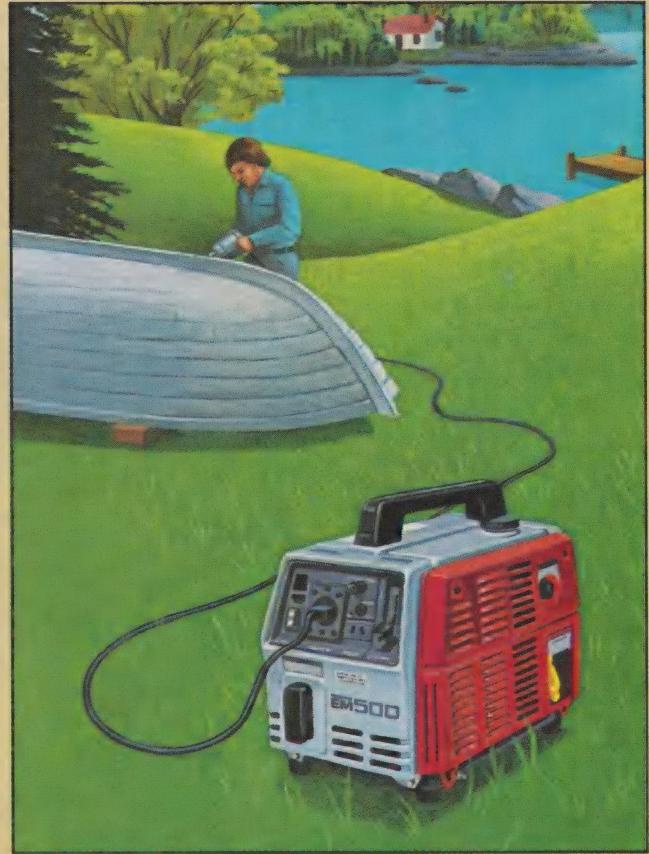
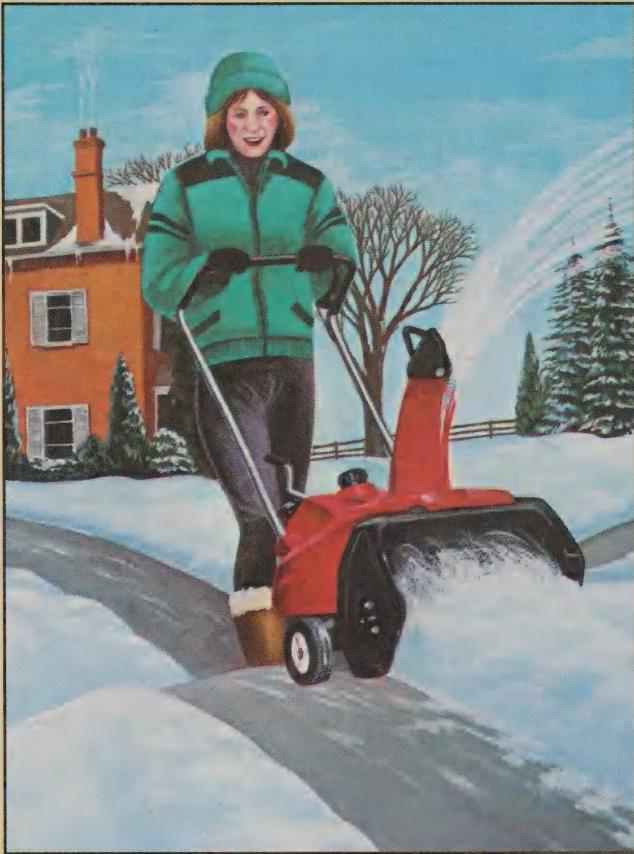
Rands argues that Akerman is "intimidating" Canadians who "don't know about wines." Smith says of Andrés wines: "They are getting better."

Defending the winery, Rands tells of a woman who enjoys Andrés' Auberge with dinner every week night—but serves guests an imported wine on weekends. "We have to show off," Rands says.

For many, the bottle may be more important than the booze. One Halifax restaurant that had refused to list Andrés stocked Hochtaler because of its looks. Another accused Andrés of misleading the public with the German-style label.

No doubt the copying—other wineries do it too—will continue. There's still a huge Canadian market to tap, and Andrés is convinced it can continue to benefit. "Wine is growing," Rands says. "It's been a boom for us."

—Roma Senn



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## WRITING

# Grab 'em where they live. Right off the bat

No matter what you're writing, the job of your first sentence is simple seduction

Third in a series by Harry Bruce

In all prose that's more creative than, say, a list of bowling scores or vegetable prices, the job of the first sentence is to suck the reader into the second sentence. E.B. White was an American master of the light essay, and therefore no slouch as a first-sentence con artist. Here's how he began a spoof on psychiatry: "Ever have any bizarre thoughts?" asked the doctor."White has already hooked you, hasn't he? You want that second sentence. You want the patient's bizarre thoughts.

A good first sentence is like a veiled woman with friendly eyes. It leaves a nagging mystery hanging there in the reader's mind, an invitation to explore what could just turn out to be an amazing adventure. S.J. Perelman, another American humorist, once began, "I hadn't a clue, when I unfolded my *Times* one recent morning at the bootblack's, that it would contain the most electrifying news to come out of England in a generation—the biggest, indeed, since the relief of Lucknow." What news could possibly be so astounding? One's eyes move to the second sentence as surely as a mouse moves to cheddar.

Perelman is among the craftiest first-sentence writers in modern literature. You know that if you give him what he wants—a few moments of your undivided attention—he'll repay you with graceful answers. Perelman again, at the starting line: "One August morning during the third summer of the First World War, Manuel Da Costa, a Portuguese eel fisherman at Bullock's Cove, near Narragansett Bay, was calking a dory drawn up beside his shack when he witnessed a remarkable exploit." And surely, dear reader, in a few seconds you, too, would be witnessing the same remarkable exploit.

Guy de Maupassant, the 19th-century Frenchman whom some regard as the best short-story writer who ever lived, often trapped readers simply by telling them he was about to unfold a marvellous mystery: "There was a mystery in that affair about Rosalie Prudent, which neither the jury, nor the judge, nor the prosecuting attorney of the Republic himself could understand." Sometimes, de Maupassant's promise of mystery was less direct: "A small, leather-bound notebook lay on the upholstered seat of the railway carriage. I took it up and opened it."

De Maupassant, however, was not a

slave to any single style of opening. Sometimes, he just grabbed readers by the neck and slung them into the middle of his creative action. Here are three of his story openings: "The little Marquise de Rennedon came rushing in like a ball through the window"; "The fat justice of the peace, with one eye closed and the other half-opened, is listening with evident displeasure to the plaintiffs"; "I was walking with Roger one day when a street hawker bawled in our ears: 'New method of getting rid of mothers-in-law! Buy, oh buy!'"

Some writers can put you where the action is and, at the same time, insinuate a question. Frank O'Connor, Irish tale-weaver, began a story like this: "Old Dan Bride was breaking brosna for the fire when he heard a step on the path." Who's that? Unless you stick with O'Connor, you'll never know. With one brisk, first sentence, John Cheever could drop you inside a room to endure the fleeting suspense of wondering about someone just outside: "One evening when Ellen Goodrich had just returned from the office to her room in Chelsea, she heard a light knock on her door." Cheever, however, can also drop you outside a room to endure the fleeting suspense of wondering about someone just inside: "Deborah Tennyson waited in her nursery on Sunday morning for a signal from her father that would mean she could enter her parents' bedroom." A magician among modern fiction-writers, Cheever began one story with "It would be something as casual as the bartender's greetings, as clear as a legal confession of murder." What would be? I found that casual, clear and faintly sinister opening as enticing as a private swimming pool on an Ottawa afternoon when the temperature's nudging 37°C.

No matter what the language, writers lasso readers with flashing first sentences. Maxim Gorky, Russian short-story master: "We strode out of Perekop in the worst of tempers—as famished as wolves and raging against all the world." Gordon Sinclair, Canadian newspaperman in India in 1932: "Piles of human corpses sizzle and burn in a rosy glow night and day." De Maupassant again: "Madame, do you recollect our great quarrel one evening in the Japanese drawing room, about the father who committed incest?" Norman Mailer, American novelist-journalist: "They snipped the ribbon in 1915, they popped the cork, Miami Beach was

born." Gorky again: "Then destiny, aiming to educate me, obliged me to experience the tragic-comic tribulations of first love."

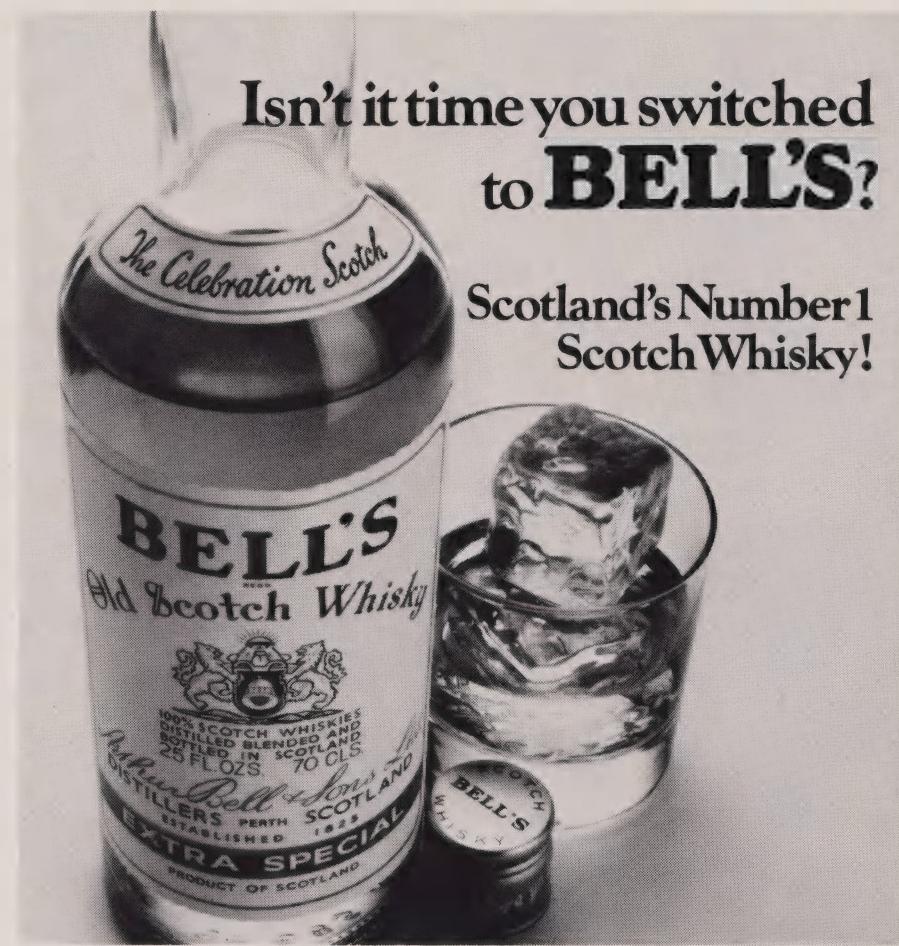
One of the most active and inviting first sentences I've ever read opens Frederic P. Van de Water's little-known book, *Rudyard Kipling's Vermont Feud* (1937): "Beatty Balestier swung his team across the road and Rudyard Kipling fell off his bicycle to avoid collision." The incident rings faintly in the attic of the reader's mind for all the 119 pages of sentences that follow. Van de Water's opening is a close relation to the classic newspaper "lead," which attempts to answer, in one crackling sentence, the who, what, when, where and why of a story, and sometimes the how as well. Fashions in news change, but answering at least four of the five W's in the first sentence remains a gripping technique for opening many stories. It compels attention by shunning baloney.

By Harold Dingman, in the *Toronto Globe*, May 25, 1936: "SARNIA, May 24—Norman ('Red') Ryan, reformed public enemy, who swore, after 12 bitter years behind prison bars, that he would walk the straight and narrow, was slain on Saturday night in a furious gun battle with police." By Ross Munro of Canadian Press, June, 1944: "WITH CANADIAN FORCES LANDING IN FRANCE, June 6—(CP Cable)—In two hours and 45 minutes of fighting on the beaches here, the Canadian invasion force won its beach-head and shoved on inland."

By Tom Hazlitt, in the *Vancouver Sun*, September 4, 1962: "SHORE-ACRES—The hard core of the Sons of Freedom people of the West Kootenays said goodbye to their homes and hit the impossible road for Agassiz at 11 a.m. Monday."

While fiction writers use first sentences to lure us into a whole story, reporters use them to tell the whole story instantly. Or its essence, anyway. What both kinds of first sentences share, however, is speed, purpose, a determination to plunge the reader into the thick of things, and an absence of clutter. All these are virtues in the first sentences of almost any kind of prose: Business letters, reports, notices on bulletin boards, briefs, memos, invitations, etc.

But the first sentence is always the hardest. The others lean on one another. The first one is the famous challenge of the blank page, the one that sometimes leaves writers cross-eyed and paralysed before their typewriters for hours on end. Eventually, a writer may dive into a first sentence out of desperation, to get something flowing. It is therefore always smart, once you've finished your masterpiece, to take an unfriendly look at that first sentence. Your second, third or fourth sentence may be a better first sentence than your first. And come to think of it, that's not such a hot first sentence up at the top of this piece. Indeed, I could probably scrap the whole first paragraph without much loss. ☐



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Schönbrunn Palace: A glimpse into a glorious past

## Vienna, wunderbar!

*It's the city of the waltz, of wine and good food. It's also the city of some of the world's greatest composers. So it's no surprise that music is a year-round festival for the senses*

By Anne Kaptein

It's a balmy September afternoon in Vienna's Stadtpark. A group of students relax on the steps of the Johann Strauss monument. Along the lawns and flower beds nearby, locals and tourists loll on garden chairs listening to Strauss music coming from the park's bandstand. The strains of the "Blue Danube" and the "Emperor Waltz" reach as far as the Kursalon (a small palace) where patrons listen while sipping coffee and nibbling the famous *sachertorte*.

Late summer is a wonderful time to visit Vienna, the 1,000-year-old Danube metropolis. By then, opera houses and concert halls have reopened after summer recess; the Vienna Boys' Choir is back in town; music is everywhere, especially in the city's many outdoor parks. And the famous Lipizzaner stallions perform again at the Spanish Riding School. Also, accommodation, they say, is easier to find.

I have some trouble finding a room at a reasonable rate—the penalty for having arrived in Vienna without a room

reservation, definitely a mistake. Rooms in this city are hard to come by at any season and at any price. But I'm lucky. I find a single room with shower at the Pension Stadtpark for \$20 a day, breakfast of rolls, eggs, cheese, jam and coffee included.

I love the view from my window. To the right, Vienna's landmark, the Gothic spire of the St. Stephen's Cathedral, rises above the roofs of midtown buildings, and in the distance are—honest!—the hills of the Vienna Woods. Across the street is a huge indoor market with fresh produce and delicatessen. But I am too excited to care about food. I can't wait to get out and see the city. All the places I have been reading about for years are here, just a short walk or streetcar ride away: The Hofburg, the ruling Habsburgs' residence until 1916, and Schloss Schönbrunn, their summer residence for two centuries; the State Opera; the homes of famous composers; the Danube and the Vienna Woods, the sidewalk cafés along fashionable boulevards.

It is still warm enough to sit in those

outdoor cafés and watch the world go by. The Viennese are rather formal and dress well. Women wear skirts, and so do little girls, even on the playground. Older women wear hats and gloves in this warm weather, and the men look like Christopher Plummer in *The Sound of Music*.

I am strolling along the Kärntnerstrasse from the State Opera to St. Stephen's Cathedral. This is Vienna's best and most expensive shopping area, and I admire the dazzling window displays. It is hard to resist splurging on a traditional *Dirndl*, the national dress of Austrian women, with a price tag of \$150-\$200. Motor traffic is banned here, and along the centre of the road one café joins the next. All are crowded.

Trying to obtain opera and theatre tickets, I run into trouble. Seats are sold out weeks ahead. Standing room only is available at 45¢-\$1.50. At least the price is right, so I take them. Standing through a performance of *Die Fledermaus* or *The Magic Flute* at the opera is tiresome, despite my comfortable shoes. But the performances are magnificent. Seat ticket prices here range from \$2.50 to \$85 and long evening dress and black tie are the rule in the more expensive seats. The Volksoper is less formal and so are the smaller theatres. If your German is poor or you don't speak it at all, you can attend performances at the English Theatre on Josefsgasse.

Vienna's claim to be the music capital of the world is understandable. At any season of the year, there are free concerts all over the city. Weekly organ recitals at St. Stephen's Cathedral, Mozart chamber concerts twice a week at the Schönbrunn Palace, concerts in the city hall courtyard and city parks, and recitals at the former homes of Schubert and Haydn.

A performance of the Vienna Boys' Choir in the Hofburg Chapel on Sunday morning is a special treat. Tickets are hard to get, but standing room is usually available and free. The choir boys, aged 10 to 12, with their white sailor tunics, neatly cut hair and scrubbed faces bring a freshness and radiance to the gloomy, 900-year-old chapel. Their voices, ringing like tiny, clear bells, seem a miracle.

There's another miracle awaiting you at the Spanish Riding School. As the music begins and the white horses with their riders enter the ornate baroque riding hall of the Hofburg, the audience falls silent. Here and there, someone may gasp in disbelief as the Lipizzaner stallions perform—or rather dance—to the tunes of classical Viennese music with flawless grace and precision. Whether you love horses or not, you won't forget the "Ballet of the White Horses," with rider and horse perfectly attuned. The performances are always sold out and you'd be wise to order tickets through your travel agent before you leave home. It's easier to get tickets for the training sessions and tours of the stables, but they're far less exciting than the show.

Vienna, a city of 1.7 million people is a feast at any time, but at night it is sheer magic. Gypsy music rings through the nightclubs and wine cellars; roulette wheels spin at the gambling casino at the Esterhazy Palace; opera, concert halls, theatres and ballrooms open their doors, and the bustle reaches its peak at the famous amusement park, the Prater. Houses and hotels disgorge thousands of Viennese and tourists, ready to join in the fun.

The Prater is Vienna's "Coney Island," complete with the *Riesenrad*, the world's biggest ferris wheel, a relic of a world exhibition. At the Viennese *wurstelstand* \$3 will buy you a hot, spicy sausage on a dry bun with pickled gherkins, hot peppers and pearl onions, so succulent that as you bite into it, the juice drips through your fingers.

I like the idea of a ride on the *Riesenrad*. Gingerly, I step into one of this giant's gondolas and am whisked to the top, 65 m above ground. Below, millions of city lights twinkle as far as the eye can see. The other six occupants of the gondola speak English—with a Canadian accent. Two are from Halifax and the others are from Montreal. I am happy to meet people from home and suggest we go to Grinzing, one of many wine-growing suburban villages, to celebrate.

The cosy wine taverns of these villages are wonderful places to drink young



Johann Strauss's monument



Kärntnerstrasse, Vienna's most expensive shopping area

## TRAVEL

wine and listen to the Schramml Quartet, a local group of musicians playing waltzes, polkas and marches. We find Austrians, Spaniards, Poles, Brazilians and Australians crowded around the tables and naturally, as the evening wears on, we become fast friends, vowing to stay in touch with each other as long as we live. By now, everyone sings along with the band—in any language. Empty bottles pile up on tables, the singing becomes louder and more and more out of tune until midnight, when waitresses in *Dirndl* dresses serve huge platters of cold cuts, crusty bread and pickles. While the guests eat, the Schramml Quartet's accordion, guitar and fiddles play on. All too soon, it's time to catch the last streetcar to the city. I promise myself to return to Grinzing.

The Austrian capital is a large, sprawling city, covering over 200 square km, but it's easy and fairly cheap to get around. The Ring, the city's four-km main thoroughfare, encompassing the inner city, is a good point to start sightseeing. Most of the historical buildings are on the Ring or nearby. You can easily walk the short distances, but if you prefer to ride in an open, horse-drawn carriage (*afiacre*) you'll find their stands all over the city. There is one right behind the St. Stephen's Cathedral. The ride is slow and comfortable, and you'll get a good look at the city parks with their profusion of flowers, fountains and statues of kings, poets and composers. The *fiacre* will take you past the Hofburg (there are two, the old and the new one), the State Opera, the Burgtheater, where they play Shakespeare in German, the ornate city hall, the Parliament, and the museums of Fine Art and Natural History.

Vienna has over 50 museums, among them the Franz Schubert Museum, where the famous composer died at age 31 in the tiny, primitive bedroom, and the Sigmund Freud Museum in the former residence of Vienna's native son, the father of psychoanalysis.

On a nice day, take the streetcar from the Ring for a ride to Schönbrunn (it takes about 40 minutes) and join a conducted tour through the palace. You'll get an unforgettable glimpse into the Habsburgs' glorious past, including the grandeur of state chambers and concert halls, and the splendor of ballrooms, salons and bedrooms. In one of them, the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, was confined until his death from tuberculosis.

The guides love to throw numbers at

you. It took 55 years to build this palace. Nine hundred domestics looked after its 1,400 rooms and tended its 140 kitchens. The palace's carriage house has a collection of antique, ceremonial vehicles that were used by the Imperial Family. Not far from the palace is a fair-sized zoo, an enormous glass building housing exotic palm trees, and on a hill above the magnificent French Gardens is the famous Gloriette, a monument built by the Empress Maria Theresa to commemorate the victory at Kolin. Walk up to the Gloriette and enjoy the view over the palace, the park, and the city in the background.

During the 1800s, Vienna was Johann Strauss's territory but the city is dotted with the homes of masters of music: Mozart, Haydn, Strauss, Lehár and



An open-air wine house in suburban Grinzing

Beethoven, who over the 35 years he lived in the city, occupied 29 homes.

The Viennese are proud of their composers, and their devotion to classical music and the waltz resembles a Canadian's enthusiasm for hockey. Half the population is over 60, which may account for the fact that the city's life seems steeped in nostalgia. It's also a life of sophistication and charm. People here are masters of the art of living and, though not as bubbly and exuberant as their countrymen in western Austria, they have the gift of optimism and a zest for enjoyment that's catching.

With a relatively low inflation rate, Vienna's standard of living has remained high. "Yes, we have a good life," the music teacher standing next to me at the opera admits. I ask about unemployment.

"Well, there is *some*, but at 2.4% it's not a major malaise as in the rest of the western world." The country's major industry, tourism, is strong, and tourist establishments are crowded all year round.

Good food and wine are important here. Fast-food outlets are moving in but people, especially older ones, frown on them. On one menu, I see some dishes, like *wiener schnitzel* (breaded veal cutlet) and *apfelstrudel* which sound familiar. But others don't: *Serbische bohnensuppe* (Serbian bean soup) and Hungarian goulash betray the influence of eastern Europe (Hungary is only 60 km away).

A favorite dish among the Viennese is the *kaiserschmarren*, a thick pancake with raisins, broken up with two forks into small pieces, dusted with icing sugar and eaten with stewed fruit. Delicious. *Tafelspitz* is a special cut of a leg of beef, the lean and tender meat eaten with a mixture of vegetables and parsley sauce. Dumplings are the mainstay of Austria's rather starch diet. Noodles, eaten with meat dishes, or sweet, with poppy seeds sprinkled on top, are served frequently. And so is the *strudel*, a pastry roll, filled with spicy cabbage, meat, poppy seeds, apples or cottage cheese. But mostly, Austria is famous for desserts. They are unbelievably rich, delicious and loaded with calories. Whatever you choose, it's smothered with whipping cream. The famous *sachertorte* is really only a chocolate cake, with a layer of jam, covered with chocolate icing.

While I wait for my order of *wiener schnitzel*, the waiter brings me a pile of magazines to keep me occupied. I skip the dessert but look forward to my coffee. In Vienna there are many different ways to drink this brew: *Mokka* (black and strong), *browner* (with little milk), *mélange* (with a lot of milk), *mazagran* (iced with rum, sipped through a straw), and *einspanner* (mocca in a glass, topped with whipping cream).

The portions in restaurants are modest, and the prices vary with the establishment. You'll get a wholesome, complete meal without wine in a modest place (*gasthaus*) for about \$10. If you want to splurge, you can pay five times that much for practically the same food, but with wine and served on silver platters by white-gloved waiters, at the Vienna Hilton or at the famous, old-fashioned Sacher Restaurant amidst antiques and potted plants.

One of the oldest institutions in the city is the *kaffeehaus* where you not only



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## TRAVEL

take a drink or coffee and cake, but idle away several hours, even if your second order is only a glass of water. You may read magazines and newspapers here (supplied by the *kaffeehaus*) or play a game of chess, cards or billiards. Or you may strike up a conversation with a guest at the next table. The Viennese see the *kaffeehaus* as an oasis of tranquillity and cosiness in a noisy, restless world. Customers are loyal, returning again and again to "their" café. Some almost live there. They do business, entertain their friends, receive their mail and telephone calls at their *kaffeehaus*.

I am spending an afternoon at the Café Sperl in the Gumpendorferstrasse, a place that has remained faithful to the 19th century: Marble table tops, mirrored walls, heavy chandeliers dangling from ornate, high ceilings and old-fashioned hatsacks.

I strike up a conversation with a local couple next to me. "You are not from here?" the man observes. Indeed, I am not. How does he know? My German gives me away. It lacks the soft Viennese accent that gives the harsh German language the gentle touch that's so pleasing to the ear.

Vienna is where the waltz was born, and though this dance is slowly dying out in ballrooms and dance halls elsewhere, here it is alive and well. When Johann Strauss Sr. first introduced it in the 1820s, there was moral outrage. In several German towns, the police even issued edicts against this "improper and horrible turning of women by men..." But, in the end, Strauss and his music won. A journalist for a Leipzig paper once described the effect the new dance had on people: "The new waltz stirs the blood like the bite of a tarantula," he wrote, and then went on to describe the mechanics: "The male partner tucks his girl deep in his arm, and in the strangest way they sway themselves into measure."

The Viennese still "sway themselves into measure," night after night. At the elegant ballroom of the Kursalon, young and old swing their partners gracefully around the floor to the tunes of Lehár and Strauss. Mingling with those experts are tourists from all over the world, trying to copy the locals' expertise. Then, during intermission, two professional couples, the men in tails and the girls in frilly skirts, show off the traditional waltz at its perfect best. Whether you like to dance or not, you should visit the Kursalon's ballroom at night. You may have your dinner first at the Kursalon's dining room, and then move over to the ballroom. You shouldn't leave Vienna without having waltzed at least once.

Only a short walk from the Kursalon is the luxurious Vienna Intercontinental Hotel, and if you think \$200 for a double room with private bath and a view over the Stadtpark is "reasonable," you'll rub shoulders with oil-rich Arabs and inter-

national celebrities. But, if \$30 for a double room, with a bathroom down the hall to be shared with other guests, and no view sounds more like your style, then the modest pension is for you. You'll also get breakfast—of varying quality.

I take the streetcar to Grinzing, and from there a bus to the Kahlenberg in the Vienna Woods. Here, on top of the mountain is the Kahlenberg Self-Service Restaurant with its spacious terrace, and while drinking my coffee here, I enjoy the spectacular view over the vineyards and the city deep down in the valley.

Beyond, woods and hills unfold, ridge upon ridge; and in the distance the Danube winds its way out of the city, along hills, woods and under bridges, looking grey and desolate, not at all blue or romantic as Strauss wanted us to imagine it.

It's early October now, and patches of yellow and brown stand out among the green foliage. The sun is already low and a cool breeze sweeps over the terrace. My last look at Vienna is of a city now shrouded in late afternoon haze. Only the Danube Tower, stretching 252 m into the grey sky, is still visible. ☒

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## DANCE

# Dance around this one, dance around that one

*A bunch of young dancers from Newfoundland—including one who taught himself to dance—are attracting attention at one of the world's great ballet schools*

By Richard Young

**W**hen Gerard McIsaac of Stephenville, Nfld., enrolled in one of the world's leading dance schools last fall at age 16, he already had a running start on the show business career he'd always wanted. He'd won a CBC scholarship to ballet school. He'd earned top awards in writing, acting and dancing at an arts festival in Stephenville. And he'd caught the attention of two famous British dancers who urged him to get professional training. Throughout all this, McIsaac was winging it: He taught himself to dance by copying routines he saw on stage and on television.

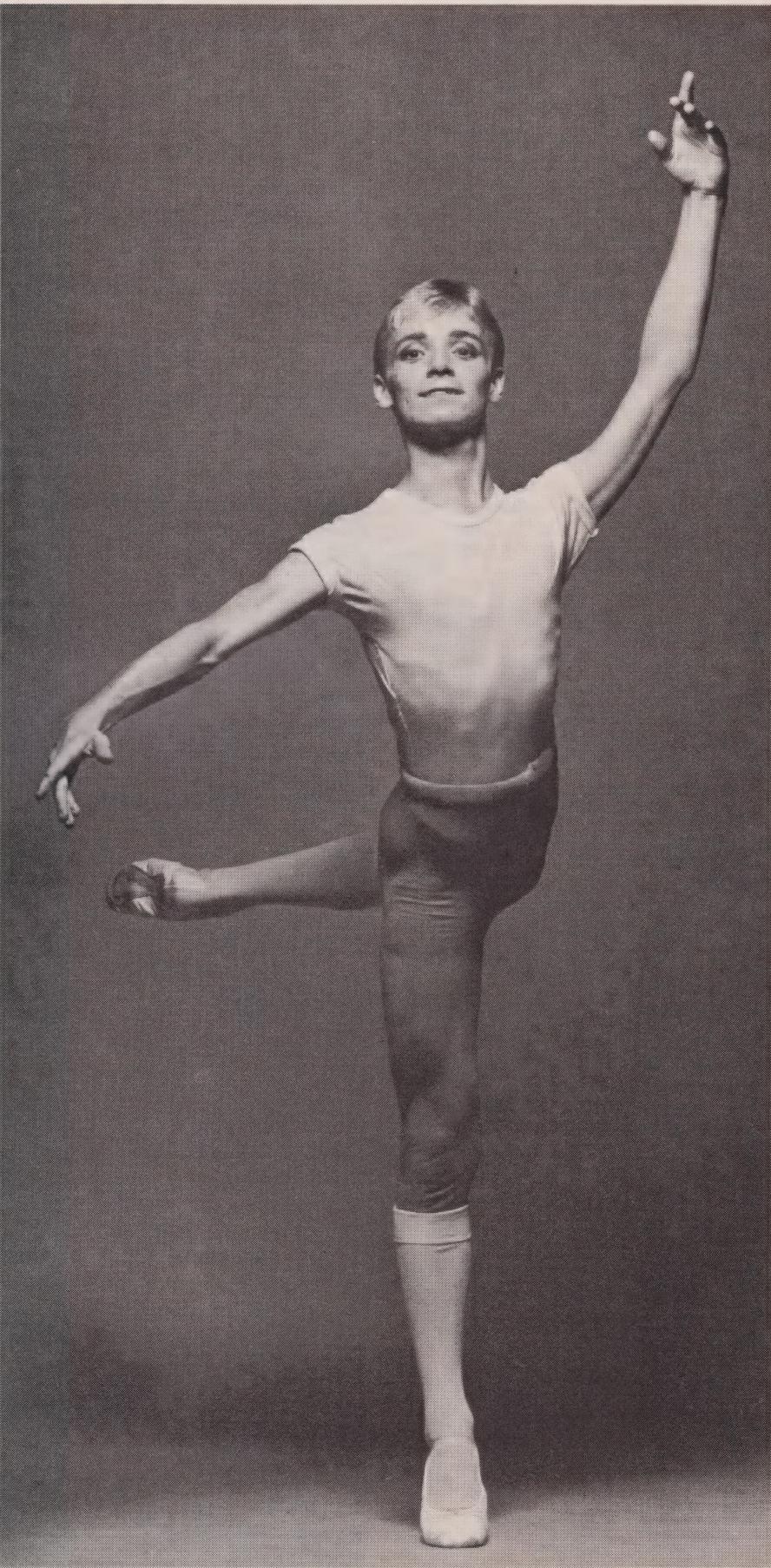
This fall, the hyper-energetic McIsaac is back for a second year at Toronto's National Ballet School, where he's one of the more promising students. "Oh, I love it," McIsaac says. "I'm having such a good time. It's just everything I've ever dreamed of. I wanted it so badly. And you never really have a chance to do it—become a dancer in Newfoundland."

McIsaac, who could already sing, play the guitar and piano, began teaching himself dancing about three years ago, when he did some mime work in high school. "My teacher wanted me to try to dance," he says. "So I watched things on TV, and I looked at some dancers and tried to copy what they did. Then I started making up my own things."

That led to performances at the Stephenville Arts Festival and in CBC TV's *Step to Stardom* show—a competition aimed at discovering dance talent—in the spring of 1981. McIsaac, who prepared for the competition by attending about a month's worth of jazz classes in St. John's, won one of two major scholarships awarded in the region. And at the Stephenville festival, he won kudos from judges John Gilpin, a premier danseur (the highest title for a male ballet dancer)

**McIsaac: "It's not usual for a son from Newfoundland to be a ballet dancer"**

DON DIXON



with the London Festival Ballet, and Sir Anton Dolin, another Englishman who's one of the century's greatest dancers. Dolin "was really impressed, and he thought I could become pretty good," McIsaac says. "So they [Gilpin and Dolin] took it from there and said, 'We want you to go and train in a professional school.'"

Somewhat to the dismay of his parents, McIsaac auditioned for two of Canada's leading dance schools, the Academie des Grands Ballets Canadiens in Montreal, and the National Ballet School in Toronto. "I always wanted to go to the National ever since I was a kid," he says. "I didn't think I'd ever get to go."

His parents, who have seven other sons and daughters, were at first opposed to the move. "It was more my mother, just because it's not usual for a son from Newfoundland to be a ballet dancer. Also, because you're not brought up around that kind of thing. If you're in Toronto, you're more apt to get close to it. But I wasn't, and just felt I wanted it very badly." He finally persuaded his parents after "a lot of nagging," and with the help of Desmond Graham, general manager of the Irish Ballet, who was visiting Stephenville. One night last year, the McIsacs were in the audience during opening night of a performance of the musical *Oliver*, in which Gerard played the lead role. "My Dad was very impressed with what I had done with the role," he says. "At the reception at the end, Desmond went over and talked to my parents—and I was very nervous. Well, he came back over to me and said, 'Well, you're going to audition.' So he basically put the final clinches on it."

**B**ecause of his lack of training, the early days at the ballet school were tough. Most boys entering the school have at least two years of classes, others considerably more. An especially important part of early training is flexibility development, which most boys don't come by naturally. "I didn't know how I was going to do when I got into class," McIsaac says. "But I decided if you're going to do it, you've got to fight for it. I was bad at first. I admit I was pretty bad because I didn't have any training at all."

Last year, McIsaac and five other Newfoundlanders were among 197 students from around the world at the National, considered one of the four top classical dance schools in the world (ranked with Leningrad's Kirov school, Moscow's Bolshoi and the Royal Ballet school in London, England). After eight months of intensive training, McIsaac has to spend at least another two years in the special dance program before he can catch up to other students, most of whom have been studying dance since age 10. But he's learning swiftly. Last winter, he got a commendation on his Grade 2 ballet level exam (grades are fail, pass, credit, commendation and honors). After skipping a grade, he'll enter the intermediate program this



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## DANCE

month. And he's a leading contender for a class this fall given by Betty Oliphant, artistic director, ballet principal and founder of the school.

McIsaac says his parents now are thrilled with his success. His father, an electrician, is a ballet fan and loves theatre. "He thinks it's just wonderful. He thinks if you want it that badly, you should just go for it."

Last year, he even got to play a bit part in the National Ballet of Canada's world première production of *Napoli*, a lavish story ballet that required 120 performers, twice the number of dancers in the company. And this summer, he created the dance sequences in a production of the rock musical *Godspell* for the Burlington Little Theatre in Burlington, Ont. The *Hamilton Spectator* gave him a rave review (even though it spelled his name wrong). "The other eight members of the cast do so many things and it doesn't seem right to single any one of them out," the reviewer wrote, "except that director [Stephen] Russell has given Gerrard McIsaac a lot to do—presumably on the basis that he has a lot to do it with...Not only can he dance and sing, he has a way with comedy and a personality that bounces over the footlights."

Meanwhile, other Newfoundland students at the National also have been making their mark. Heidi LeMoine, 10, of Grand Falls, and Jennifer Foley, 12, of St. John's last year captured a role coveted by every student in the school: They shared the lead role of Clara in the National Ballet production of *The Nutcracker*, which is performed every Christmas at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre.

All the Newfoundland students, including Jennifer's sister, Charmaine, 15, studied for a time under two students from St. John's, JoAnn Duff, 22, and Stacey Hall, 20, who were taking teachers' training classes. Hall, who graduated from the three-year program this year, plans eventually to open her own school in Corner Brook. She and Duff, who graduates next year, are also talking of starting classes in St. John's. "I can remember when the National would come to perform at the Arts and Culture Centre, and you could walk in at the last minute and get a ticket," Duff says. "Now there are sellouts. You can really sort of notice over the last four or five years the interest in the general public...So we—Stacey and I—are kind of anxious to go back, especially after getting good training here. I think it would be a very good place to be right now."

That's where McIsaac spent the summer—or what was left of it after a tiring year of dance lessons starting from scratch and summer school throughout July. He would have been home for a six-week break, but the Burlington theatre production in which he appeared played to sellout houses and was held over for a week.



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## MOVIES

# Ken Russell, the career killer, gets ready to strike again

Liza Minnelli as Eva Perón? Could be great. But not with a director whose hatred of artists and show business can only be described as pathological

Reviews by Martin Knelman

Doesn't Liza Minnelli ever go to the movies? Doesn't she know that Ken Russell's specialty as a movie director is destroying the careers of talented performers? Apparently not, if we can believe the reports from Hollywood that Minnelli has agreed to play the title role in the screen version of *Evita*, with Russell slated to direct. (Australian mogul Robert Stigwood is the producer.)

Now, the idea of Minnelli playing Eva Perón in the celebrated Rice-Weber musical is truly inspired. Minnelli hasn't had a great movie musical role since she played Sally Bowles in *Cabaret* a decade ago with such mesmerizing ferocity. (And no, I'm not forgetting about *New York, New York*. There she was working with a great director, Scorsese, and a great co-star, DeNiro, but nobody seemed too clear on just what the movie was meant to be about. Last year's release of the complete, uncut version only confirmed my original impression that the film was no more than an interesting failure involving the collaboration of some hugely gifted people.)

And Liza Minnelli when she isn't

singing and dancing is operating at half steam. She was curiously wasted in last year's hit comedy *Arthur*: Dudley Moore as the drunken rich playboy was memorably funny (especially while shattering the ambience of gold-plated gentility at Manhattan's Plaza Hotel), and John Gielgud was perfectly delicious as his sarcastic butler. But Liza Minnelli as the kooky heroine was so monstrously overbearing that we couldn't believe that her alliance with Moore really represented anybody's idea of a happy ending.

The trouble is that Liza can't help being larger than life. She has never done anything by half measures, and she has never been taught to tone herself down on occasion. That gives her something in common with Eva Perón. Having used the excitement of Nazi decadence for her own triumphant purposes in *Cabaret*, Minnelli may understand in her bones how to tap the appeal of that Argentine sorceress who was probably the most powerful female fascist in modern history.

But how will Minnelli survive the artistic fascism of Ken Russell? Just when we might have thought it was safe to go out again, that Russell had managed



Liza Minnelli as Claire in *Lucky Lady*: A larger-than-life star



Russell, Blair Brown and William Hurt on the set of *Altered States*

to persuade such notorious slow learners as international film financiers that he shouldn't be allowed anywhere near a movie set, here he comes again. Consider the annals of previous Ken Russell atrocities: *The Devils*, *Tommy*, *Valentino*.

*The Boy Friend*. Should this man, whose hatred of artists and show business can only be described as pathological, be turned loose on a show that might in somebody else's hands be one of the few diversions to which we could all

look forward?

As O'Keefe Centre patrons in Toronto had a chance to discover this summer, *Evita* on the stage is full of nervy showmanship. If you went to this show looking for any penetrating political analysis, you'd be sadly disappointed. *Evita* doesn't really give an intelligent point of view on its heroine, but it does shrewdly exploit her legend, revelling in its own shallowness. The score is happily melodic, and the whole thing has a buoyant, smooth quality.

Who better than Liza Minnelli to catch the mystique of this flamboyant hooker-showgirl from the provinces whose style and drive not only propelled her into the most powerful circles in Buenos Aires but finally, as wife to a military dictator, made her a legend overshadowing even Juan Perón himself. Whatever it was about this woman that drove the mobs into a frenzy, Minnelli should intuitively grasp.

But couldn't she hold out for another director? Liza should take a look at the corpses that have been swept up in the wake of Russell's previous fiascos. True, Glenda Jackson became a star and won an Oscar under Russell's direction in *Women in Love*. But that was early Ken Russell, and anyway, it's a special case. Quick, now: How much have you seen of Twiggy since Russell made a fool of her in *The Boy Friend*? Did Rudolf Nureyev's screen career soar after he made his debut playing the title role in *Valentino*?



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## MOVIES

### SHORT TAKES

What would Bruno Bettelheim make of the movies most beloved by children in 1982? Certainly the uses of enchantment are clear in Steven Spielberg's amazing and wonderful blockbuster *E.T.* The film is a pleasure for everyone, but it is even more pleasurable if you see it with a child. What would interest Bettelheim, I'll wager, is the part where the extraterrestrial creature seems to die—bringing on a shameless flow of tears in the audience—and is then miraculously restored to life. The movie as a whole

suggests *The Wizard of Oz* turned inside out, but this section, with its emphasis on the miraculous and its sense of death transcended, is more reminiscent of Shakespeare's luminous fable *A Winter's Tale*. Compared to *Tron*, in which Jeff Bridges gets sucked into a deadly video game wonderland, the Spielberg movie is downright old-fashioned.

*Night Shift*. Henry Winkler in a comedy about two guys working the late shift at a city morgue who get involved in a business proposition with some needy hookers. Directed by Ron Howard.

*Pink Floyd: The Wall*. The summer's mandatory rock concert movie.

*The Pirate Movie*. Freely based on *The Pirates of Penzance*, and beating Joe Papp's recent Broadway revival to the screen. Ken Annakin directed, and the cast is headed by Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins.

*Tex*. Based on a novel by S.E. Hinton about the struggles of two brothers growing up in the American southwest without parental supervision. This film, produced by the Disney studio, reunites the audacious young actor Matt Dillon with writer-director Tim Hunter, who worked with him on last year's off-beat study of teen-age delinquency in the southwest, *Over the Edge*.

*The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton try to be boisterous in a very broad version of the Broadway musical, directed by Colin Higgins.

*A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*. The latest report from Woody Allen, who co-stars with Mia Farrow and Mary Steenburgen. With bows to Shakespeare and Bergman, Woody tries a sweet-tempered romance. It's much more pleasant than his other recent pictures, but in the Allen canon it's a minor entry.

*Young Doctors in Love*. A Hollywood spoof of TV's medical shows, directed by Garry Marshall, who helped develop such hit TV series as *The Odd Couple*, *Mork and Mindy* and *Happy Days*. It's as amiably lowbrow as an Americanized *Carry On* movie, with elaborately set-up gags on such matters as the taste of urine samples. Among the supporting players, Toronto's talented funnyman Saul Rubinek is thrown away.

*Poltergeist*. Steven Spielberg produced and co-wrote this haunted-house yarn. Tobe Hooper is the director.

*Rocky III*. And you thought you'd seen the last of it. Sylvester Stallone hangs on for dear life, and for some reason people are lining up to see it.

*Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan*. The sequel is more fun than the first movie, thanks to director Nicholas Meyer and veteran actors Ricardo Montalban and William Shatner, but non-trekkies may still be baffled. The best advice for parents is: Don't even try to fight it.

*The World According to Garp*. Robin Williams (aka Mork and Popeye) stars in George Roy Hill's version of the John Irving novel. The rambling, episodic story about a contemporary American writer is whimsical and long-winded; though it's perfectly tolerable as a diversion, nothing makes much impact.

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# CALENDAR

## NEW BRUNSWICK

Sept.-Oct.— Ancient Coins: Greek and Roman Art in Miniature, Moncton Museum

Sept. 6-Oct. 1—The Fort Mis Pec Weavings, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Sept. 13-Oct. 15—Libby Shackleton: Thirty prints and paintings of the old port of Saint John, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Sept. 15-18—Albert Co. Exhibition, Albert

Sept. 15-30—Photographs by Alison Hughes, Jean Isaacs, Roxie McLeod and Janet Smyth, City Hall, Saint John

Sept. 16-18—Queens Co. Fair, Gagetown

Sept. 18—Rufin Barrieau Memorial, Exhibition Park, Saint John

Sept. 18, 19—A Honey of a Weekend, Kings Landing Historical Settlement, Prince William

Sept. 19—Demolition Derby Stock Car Racing, Danny's Speed Bowl, Bathurst

Sept. 20-26—Canadian Crafts Conference: Tradition in a changing world, N.B. Craft School and Centre, Fredericton

Sept. 23-25—Fall Fair, Chipman

Oct. 1, 2—The Kennebecasis Valley Quilting Guild, Second Annual Fall Quilt Show, Rothesay

Oct. 2-10—Oyster Festival, Maisonnette

Oct. 4-31—Chairs: An exhibit, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

Oct. 8-Nov. 20—John M. Lyle: Toward a Canadian Architecture, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Oct. 9-11—Fall Harvest Weekend, Kings Landing Historical Settlement, Prince William

## NOVA SCOTIA

Sept. 9-Oct. 17—Paraskeva Clark: Paintings and drawings, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Sept. 15-18—Queens Co. Exhibition, Caledonia

Sept. 17, 18—Joe Howe Craft Market and Gallery on the Green for 1982, Mic Mac Mall, Dartmouth

Sept. 17-Oct. 17—Mirroring: An exhibit by 15 Atlantic provinces women, Art Gallery, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

Sept. 18-26—Harvestfest, Truro

Sept. 18-26—Joseph Howe Festival, Halifax/Dartmouth

Sept. 19—Dive Shoppe's Captain Morgan Treasure Hunt: Underwater hunt, Crystal Crescent Beach (near Halifax)

Sept. 19—Nova Scotia Marathon, Shelburne  
Sept. 20-24—Country Music Week, Dartmouth

Sept. 25—Hullabaloo 82: Annual fund-raising event, Yarmouth Hospital Ladies Auxiliary, Yarmouth Golf and Country Club

Sept. 25, 26—N.S. Morgan Horse Show, Windsor

Sept. 25, 26—International Air Show, CFB Shearwater

Sept. 26—Louisdale Fall Fair, Louisdale

Sept. 26—The Canadian Hostelling Association (Nova Scotia) sponsors a "Seaside Bicycle Trip to Sambro," Trail Shop, Halifax

Oct.—Pegi Nicol MacLeod: Retrospective, Acadia University Art Gallery, Wolfville

Oct. 1-3—Nova Scotia 4-H Show, Truro

Oct. 1-28—Inuit Print Collection of Murray and Marguerite Vaughan, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Oct. 2—Green Market Festival, Cole Harbour

Oct. 2—Annapolis Valley Fall Harvest Festival, Wolfville

Oct. 2, 3—Eighth Annual Provincial Weavers Conference, College of Cape Breton, Sydney

Oct. 9-11—All-breed Championship Dog Show and Licensed Obedience Trials, Spryfield



Oct. 14-Nov. 14—Mulgrave Road Co-op Theatre presents "The Lost Salt Gift of Blood," touring Nova Scotia (check local listings)

## NEWFOUNDLAND

Sept. 8-Oct. 12—Marlene Creates: Artist on site, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Sept. 8-Oct. 12—Scott Fillier: An exhibit of recent works, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Sept. 11, 12—Valdy in Concert, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Mid-Sept.—Kinsmen's Fall Fair, Mount Pearl Arena, Mount Pearl

Sept. 20, 21—André Gagnon: Pianist, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Sept. 23-25—Rising Tide Theatre presents "Joey," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Sept. 26—CBC Taping of the Royal Canadian Air Farce, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 1—Mersey Brothers: Singing group, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 2—Raffi: Children's entertainer, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 6-20—National Ballet of Canada, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 8, 9—Annual Lake Melville Red Mukushan: Cooking and baking contests with traditional Labrador mugup, crafts, music, dancing, Happy Valley-Goose Bay

Oct. 13-15—Theatre production of "The Sound of Murder," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 16-18—Theatre production of "Secretary Bird," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Sept.—Vues Atlantic Visions Exhibition, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Sept. 1-Oct. 24—The Covenant Chain: Indian ceremonial and trade silver, Confederation Centre Art Gallery,

Sept. 15-Oct. 15—Création Québec '81: Prints and Drawings by Quebec artists, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Sept. 18—Fitzroy Rock Yacht Race (25 miles), Charlottetown Harbor

Sept. 19, 20—Jack Frost Golf Tournament, Mill River Golf Club, Mill River

Oct. 13-Nov. 14—Cloud Flowers: Rhododendrons East and West, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Oct. 14-Nov. 14—Ken Tolmie: The Bridgetown Series, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

# When in doubt, add booze... and the world's your oyster

*When you try these recipes for oyster dishes, Charlottetown chef Alan Thomas suggests, be creative. Go by your tastebuds and the contents of your larder. If you have a little wine on hand, so much the better*

By Marian Bruce

**A**lan Thomas was heading across the country on his motorcycle this spring, planning to spend the next few months working as a commercial fisherman in Newfoundland. Instead, he ended up in one of Charlottetown's classiest kitchens, overseeing a staff of six at the Dundee Arms Inn. Thomas, 24, had dropped in to his old culinary school, George Brown College in Toronto, where he discovered that Dundee Arms owners Don and Mary Clinton were looking for a chef. "They flew me down to Charlottetown, and I was working within half an hour," he says.

The idea of a job in the Atlantic region appealed to him ("I'd met a lot of people from the east coast, and they're good people"), even though it scotched his plans for another holiday from his high-pressure profession. Last summer, he fished salmon on the west coast to escape the kitchen for a few months. "You need a break from it," he says. "When I'm cooking, I think nothing of working 16 hours a day."

Thomas, who grew up in Toronto, has worked around food most of his life. His first job was peeling potatoes in a fish and chips shop. At 17, he ran a fish stall at a farmers' market north of Toronto. In the late Seventies, he studied cooking at George Brown and apprenticed at Toronto's Ramada Inn. He worked briefly as a sous-chef on a hotel boat on Vancouver Island, and later ran his own kitchen in Vancouver.

Along the way, he developed the almost intuitive ability he's always had in the kitchen. "I don't really like recipes as such," he says. "I just go by feel. Just give me a list of ingredients, and I'll go from there. I can't always tell my workers what to do—exact quantities, for instance."

One piece of advice he has been known to give his staff: When in doubt, add booze. "You can overpower a dish with too much booze," he says, "but a little adds subtle flavors and brings out others in the food." Most main dishes in the Dundee Arms menu contain a splash or two of liquor—white wine, sherry and brandy in the seafood Newburg, brandy in the shrimp curry, white wine in the scallops *forettièrre*.

The recipes below, which were created



**Thomas: Don't overcook the oysters**

by Thomas but are not on the restaurant menu, feature one of Prince Edward Island's most famous exports, Malpeque oysters. Thomas says you can safely ignore the "old wives' tale" about not eating oysters in a month without an "r." You can also adapt the recipes according to your own taste and the ingredients you have on hand (you could skip the Pernod, for example, or use any kind—or a mixture of kinds—of cheese). "Cooking is not an exact art," Thomas says. "It leaves a lot up to the individual. A dish should be created by tasting at each step along the way, until you've created your masterpiece." He has two inflexible rules, however, for cooking oysters: Use low heat. And don't overcook.

## Oysters Florentine

- 16 oz. shucked oysters
- 1 tsp. butter
- ½ onion, chopped
- pinch powdered garlic
- 1 tbsp. flour
- 2 oz. milk
- 1 oz. heavy cream
- salt
- pinch nutmeg
- ½ tsp. prepared mustard
- pinch cayenne
- dash Worcestershire sauce
- 3 mushrooms, chopped
- 1 tbsp. chopped parsley
- 1 tbsp. dry white wine

8 oz. (approx.) grated cheese  
½ lb. spinach

After shucking oysters, remove beards and clean shells. Blanch and drain spinach. Chop spinach and fry in butter with onion and garlic. Line oyster shells with spinach. Fry onions in butter until translucent but not brown. Remove from heat, mix in flour, then add milk and cream slowly and thicken over low heat. Add oysters slowly, about half at once. Add seasonings, mushrooms and white wine. Simmer gently. Remove from heat before cooked and allow to continue cooking in juice. Place each oyster in half-shell. Cover with sauce. Top with grated cheese and broil until cheese melts. Serves 5.

## Devilled Oysters

- 20 oz. shucked oysters
- 6 strips bacon, crisply fried and chopped
- 8 oz. grated cheese
- 1 cup heavy cream
- salt, pepper, nutmeg
- ½ cup crushed crackers (or bread crumbs)
- ¾ oz. Pernod
- 2 tbsp. butter

Grease 1½-quart, shallow baking dish (or 4 to 6 smaller dishes for individual portions). Place oysters in dish. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, nutmeg and chopped bacon. Top with grated cheese. Add heavy cream. Top with crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake at 400° F. until brown (about 10 minutes).





"Balancing," located at Ottawa's National Arts Centre

## ART

# New Brunswick's famous, unknown sculptor

*You may not recognize his face, but the man who's building Ottawa's monument to Terry Fox creates sculptures that become conversation pieces wherever they're displayed*

By Jon Everett

If American Express were to design TV commercials for a New Brunswick audience—the kind of ads that feature someone whose work is well known but whose face isn't—sculptor John Hooper would be a natural subject. Almost everyone who's been to Saint John or Fredericton or Bathurst is familiar with his work, but Hooper still has to produce identification if he wants to cash a

cheque in the province.

Hooper, 56, of Hampton, 30 km east of Saint John, has been a sculptor for 27 years. When he started sculpting full-time seven years ago, he didn't have to worry about cashing cheques. There weren't any. But lately the cheques have been coming in nicely, and soon his work—if not his face—will become better known outside New Brunswick. This summer, he signed a contract to build a

monument in Ottawa to the late Terry Fox, Canada's heroic cancer fighter.

Hooper's sculptures are known because, without causing controversy, they become conversation pieces in their communities. They embrace large spaces, yet are easily embraced by the senses. They are strikingly unusual, yet they blend harmoniously into the landscape. They are at once both awesome and winsome: The ordinary made extraordinary.

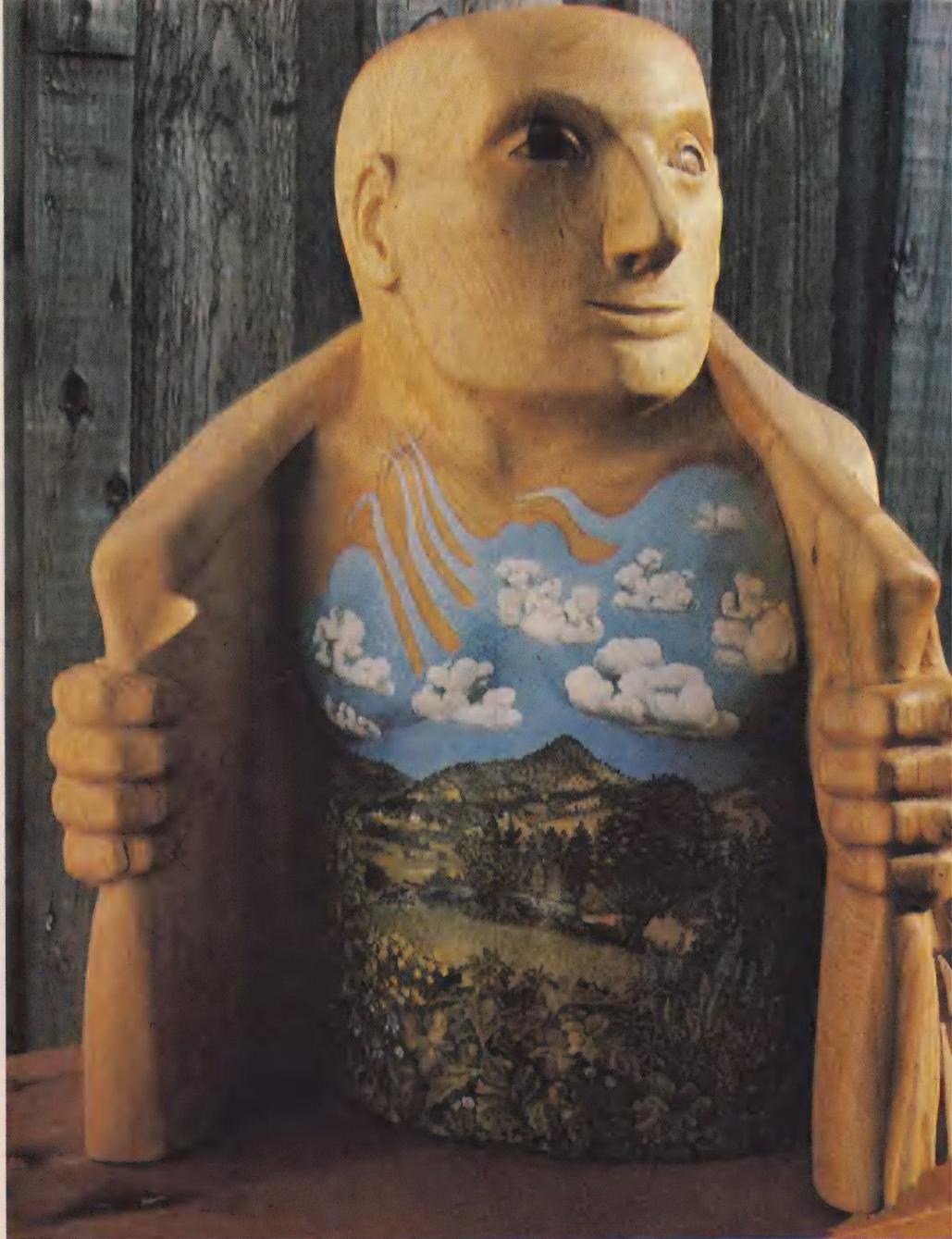
Because of Hooper, the main Saint John post office is a place where it is actually worth 30 cents to mail a letter. Few people can resist at least a glance at the 11, slightly larger-than-life human



**Colored sculpture such as "The Flasher" (top) is a Hooper trademark**

figures standing and sitting along a 35-foot stretch in front of the building. Children run up to touch them; tourists sit on benches that are part of the sculpture to have their pictures taken. The brightly colored, laminated mahogany figures—man feeding pigeons, youth on a motorcycle, woman and child—look entirely modern. But they feel as primitive as an Indian totem pole.

That feeling does not come by acci-



dent. Hooper acknowledges he is influenced by primitive sculpture, including African and native American. Coloring sculpture itself is a throwback. "Very few people realize," he says, "that all those white marble Greek statues were nearly all colored when they were new." So were most primitive carvings, which also lost their color over the years. Perhaps as a consequence, the western heritage in sculpture "has tended to be natural stone, natural wood, with no color."

Hooper has produced works for three New Brunswick post offices. Six lifesize figures in relief adorn the interior of the Bathurst building. For Dalhousie, he created a girl with a cat on a rocking chair. Subsequently this sculpture was moved to the Saint John post office, where it is displayed in the lobby. Hooper says the flurry of post office commissions was sparked by a former federal policy requiring that half of 1% of construction costs in federal buildings go for art work.

In Fredericton, his most important work is in the foyer of the Centennial Building, headquarters of the provincial government: A 45-foot-long series of figures in relief depicts the history of New Brunswick. His last major public work, unveiled last year, was of five lifesize figures on a balancing beam outside the National Arts Centre in Ottawa.

Hooper was born in England, but spent his early years in Hankow, China, where his Chinese-born British father was an architect. At age seven, Hooper was sent to boarding school in England. He got along well, perhaps, he says, because he was a "gregarious and phlegmatic" child. (In a sense, these same qualities can be felt in his sculptures: They fit in well with their surroundings, but remain coolly aloof from them.) Hooper returned to Hankow at age 11, a few months before Japanese invaders attacked the city. He and his family "left

## ART

on the last train out." By 1944, after working in a munitions factory, he was in India with the British Army, training for jungle warfare. The Japanese surrendered before he saw action, so Captain Hooper was sent to Egypt to guard a refugee camp. He then spent a harrowing year in Jerusalem at the height of the trouble prior to the birth of the state of Israel.

Though he filled sketchbooks during his army years, back home his first choice for a career was forestry. He ended up in art school because no openings existed in forestry schools and, he

says only partly in jest, "when you come out of the army and see all those delightful girls going into art college, well..."

His father had lost everything in the war in China, but, fortunately for Hooper, the British government paid for the education of ex-servicemen. After completing four years at a regional college, he studied four more at the Royal College of Art in London. There he met his wife, Kathy, who was born in Kenya.

The Hoopers settled in South Africa, where he taught at the University of Natal and did abstract works, including three that are located at the government's

Marine Terminal Building in Durban. Seven years and three children later, the family was back in England. Then, in 1962, he saw an ad for a supervisor of art for the schools of Saint John, N.B., "a place I'd never heard of."

He spent four years in that post, then left to do the Centennial Building project, and other pieces under a Canada Council grant. In 1968, he became principal of the new Hampton Elementary School. He helped design both the School and its experimental program. In 1975, he decided to become a full-time artist.

The first year was rough. His family by then included four children and two foster children—eight mouths in all to feed. "We wouldn't have made it," says Hooper, "had my wife not had a large vegetable garden" on the family's 40 acres of land. "We also had—and have—a cow for milk, calves for meat and chickens for eggs." Still, the Saint John post office commission came along just in time in 1976. Otherwise, Hooper would have had to abandon full-time sculpting for other work.

Hooper's travels—he's climbed a mountain in Peru and gone to Mexico to write poetry—have given him definite ideas about people, which reflect in his work. "People are very rarely what they seem until you dig under them. Sometimes I use the mask idea or the painted face idea to maybe put that across."

While his figurative work has brought a certain amount of acclaim, Hooper says he may return to abstracts. "In a way, you get stuck in a situation. People have always been so nice about what they said about the [Saint John] post office, Bathurst, even Ottawa—it gets to a point where you can stagnate, get stuck on a theme, particularly when they say 'We like that,' rather than 'We want to burn it or chuck it into the river.'"

Hooper's face and name may be best known in New Brunswick as those of an environmentalist. In 1978-79, he was president of Concerned Parents, the province's high-profile, anti-aerial-spraying organization. He says he has no interest in politics, but his campaign against New Brunswick's budworm spraying program marked the second time in his life he has fought political policies he considers outrageous. When the Hoopers lived in South Africa, they used to make anti-apartheid banners and placards, an illegal activity. Then a friend was sentenced to seven years in prison, and the Hoopers decided it was time to leave.

Hooper's current project, the Terry Fox sculpture, will be a lifesize rendering of the memorable sight of the one-legged young man running down the road to raise money for cancer research. It will be made of bronze and is due to be completed next year. After that, Hooper hopes to do some more travelling. American Express, take note.



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# Country comfort's a penthouse in the city

Rural living isn't all rustic wonder. It's also backfiring septic tanks and stinking campstoves and attic wasps' nests

**W**hen, in early days, there was a great cross-traffic of city mice visiting the country and country dittos going to the city, the done thing was for each group to dash back prematurely to its natal seat taking a sacred vow never to leave home again. In our grandads' time, the movement became one-sided as farm boys flocked to town and stayed. But in the past decade or so, a considerable number of urbanites have either established themselves in the sticks or else tirelessly expressed a desire to do so.

Beauty is said to sometimes skip a generation or two and something like that must also happen to ancestral memories of chilblains, dunghills and kicks in the guts for squeezing old mooley-cows the wrong way. Somewhere along the line the rigors of country life are submerged in visions of bee-loud glades, prairie dawns and sleigh bells ring ya listenin'. I doubt if there's a furniture showroom in the midst of Toronto that hasn't got a "painting" on the wall of a prairie sky, a Quebec farmhouse in the snow or fishing shacks sticking out of the Atlantic fog. Distance makes the heart grow fonder. Nostalgia-mongers do the grass back there worlds of good.

An acquaintance who was once given a mighty heave through a tavern doorway was at first inclined to caution that the landing itself had little or nothing to recommend it. But as time passed he tended to recall, instead, that the boost through the air was a rather exhilarating sensation. Time and distance also do odd things to rural memories.

My own first two decades were as rural as hell. The last two have been in St. John's, a place that's both fish and foul. It's not quite downtown Chicago but it does have pigeons, joggers and bedraggled old chaps on Water Street.

Newfoundlanders fall into two classes, those who are St. John's men and those who are not. Townies and baymen. You're stamped at birth and not even an appeal to the Queen's Mercy (either at Buckingham Palace or the Pearly Gates) can change it. In fact, townies believe that the Queens of both England and Heaven are unfortunate baypersons. They believe that the old saw, "You can take the boy out of the bay but you can't take the bay out of the boy," is a heart-rending appeal for corrective surgery.

And that if this became available in Denmark all baymen would be off like shots.

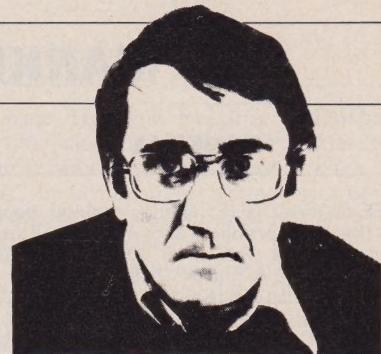
To reinforce this chastely simple faith, they venture a few miles outside the city gates for a couple of weeks each year to their "summer shacks" sprawled among the rocky crags beyond the suburbs like a huge misty Dogpatch. Here, they deliberately expose themselves to all the rustic horrors. Backfiring septic tanks, stinking camp stoves, attic wasps' nests, frothy-muzzled bulls with blood-stained horns, the silence of a dungeon and mattress-ticking on the TV.

Having had their annual purgative dose of "the day" they toddle back to their bastion of enlightenment, civilization and bilious pigeons as fast as their weakened legs will carry them and prostrate themselves on the sidewalks of St. John's like some frazzled battalion of touring Pontiffs. Our townies believe

## "Townies who express an intention to live in the country seldom make it across the city boundary ahead of the little white loony wagon"

that the country (or, in this case, "Out Around the Bay") is a place where, if you purchase a teacup, you have to put in a special order and wait six weeks for the saucer. Where the main manufacture is homespun wit, the raw materials for which must be imported. A pig-sticking, fish-gutting, snaggle-toothed, childbed-feverish place beyond the Pale, devoid of even gas station stickups and real, live cabinet ministers. Any of our townies who express an intention to go live in the country seldom make it across the city boundary line ahead of the little white loony wagon.

It may not be so cut and dried in other places. If you've spent 30 years hanging from a subway strap—close-packed from behind by a mass of garlicked, patchoulied, Holt-Renfrewed humanity and menaced in front by seated dozers who threaten to topple headfirst



into your privates—braving blizzards to slop the hogs may look good.

Newfoundland has spawned few, if any, of its own back-to-the-earthers. Between the bogs and the rocks, there's precious little earth to go back to. Even in St. John's you can find, if not the simple, then all of the half-simple life you could possibly want.

The Maritimes is, I understand, chock-a-block with persons who've fled the hideous complications of urban living for double-shell houses, solar heating, airtight wood stoves, hydroponic gardens, windmill generators, ram-jets, composting crappers, airlocks, R-48, goat husbandry, hydraulic yogurt makers and half-finished submissions to *Harrowsmith*.

Most, I'll venture, come from Boston or Montreal rather than Moncton or Halifax. Your Haligonian, I dare say, is, like your St. John's man, a true urban philosopher able to see eternity in a grain of sand, recapture the primitive thrill of the chase in sidewalk doggie-doo or the Great North woods in a potted geranium.

Some of this odd craving for "the country" found in other parts may be a residue from the past when we were expected to do our best to ape our betters. The better classes doted on "the country," which was not your rain-sodden picnic bench in Fundy or Gros Morne but rustic cottages like Blenheim or Castle Howard or Vanderbilt's "The Breakers."

Roughing it meant squads of footmen dispatched at a double trot to unroll Wilton carpets by the margin of an artificial lake, followed by a heavy brigade of other retainers staggering under champagne and roast partridges. Those able to re-create this to their own satisfaction in a gravel pit off the Trans-Canada Highway in the company of three howling kiddies, a bitching spouse and mosquitoes robust enough to drown out 109 portable tape recorders are either truly blessed or else well around the twist.

Meanwhile, ensconce me in a Toronto penthouse with room service and all mod cons and I'll monger you reams of rustic nostalgia until the cows come home and the chickens to roost at the 28th storey.

*Ray Guy is on vacation. The column above first appeared in Atlantic Insight's July 1981 issue.*

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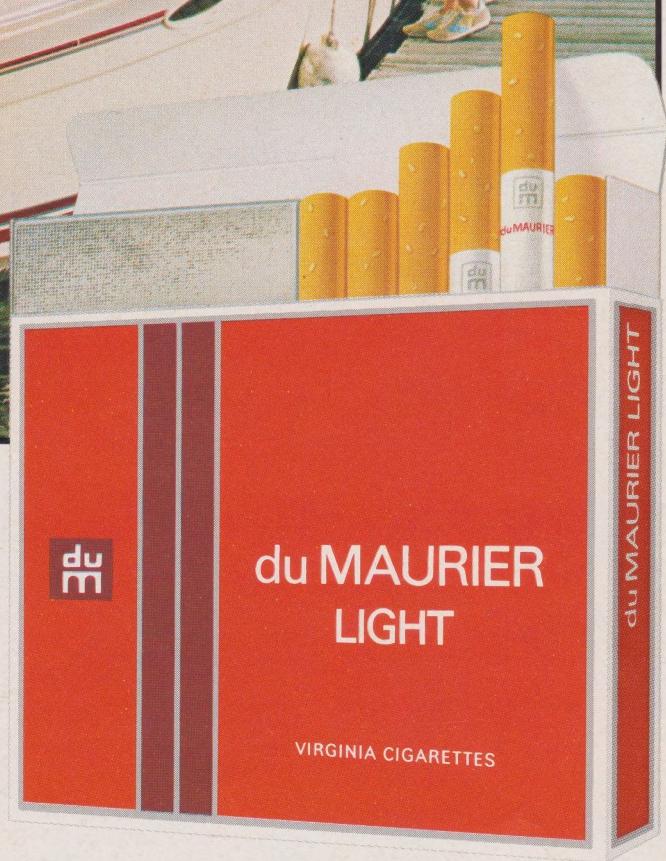
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